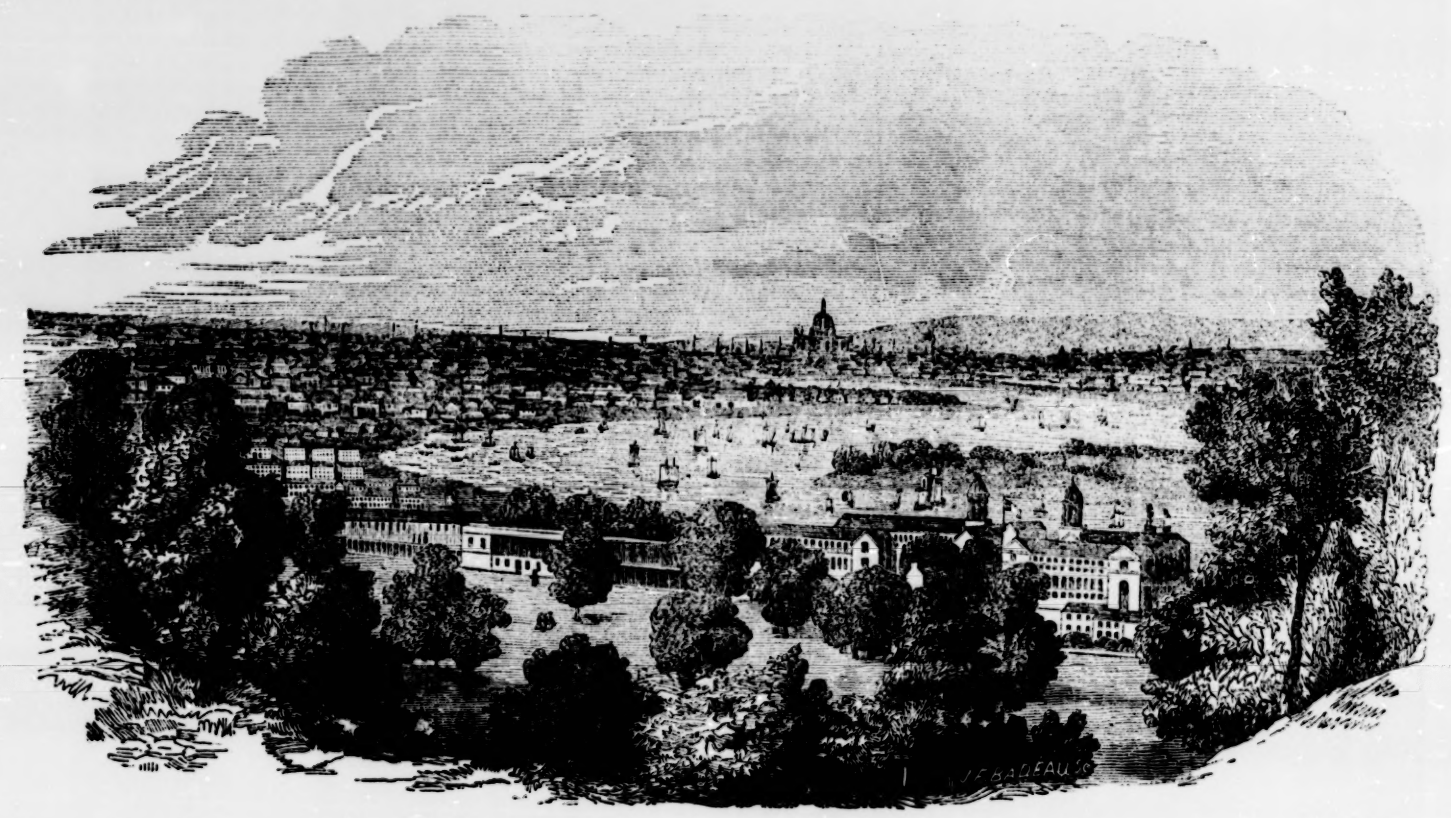
VOL. V. NO. 13.] GREENSBORO, N. C., MARCH 31, 1860. [WHOLE NO 217.



VIEW OF LONDON.

LONDON.

London, the capital of England and metropolis of the British empire, is situated on the banks of the Thames, in the counties of Middlesex and Surrey, and within a day's journey of the southern shore of Britain, in latitude 51° 30′ 47″ north. The name London is traced to a Celtic or British origin, though some doubts are entertained respecting its exact signification. The more common opinion is, that it originates in the words *Llin*, a pool or lake, and *din*, a town or harbor for ships. As the Thames at one time spread into a lake on the Surrey side, this signification is sufficiently descriptive of the local position of the metropolis.—On the spot now occupied by the city, or more ancient part of the metropolis, which is on the left or northern bank of the Thames, a town had been built and possessed by the Romans eighteen centuries ago, and from that period it has constantly been the seat of an increasing and busy population. Its chief increase and improvement, however, have been since the great fire in 1666, which destroyed a large number of the old streets and public edifices.

London contains 2,172,386 souls, and 270,000 houses, a population more than twice as large as the whole of Massachusetts. In 1811, the number of its inhabitants was 1,016,014, thus doubling itself in thirty years. The whole metropolis, reckoning by continuous lines of houses, extends to a length of nearly eight miles, by a breadth of from six to seven, and it is computed that the whole includes at least forty-five square miles

The increase of London to its present enormous size has been promoted by certain highly favorable circumstances. First, it has for ages been the capital of England, and seat of the legislature and court; and, since the union with Scotland and Ireland, it has become a centre also for these parts of the United Kingdom. Being therefore a point of attraction for the nobility, landed gentry, and other families of opulence from all quarters, a vast increase of population to minister to the tastes and wants of these classes has been the result. While deriving immense advantages from this centralizing principle, London has been equally, if not far more indebted to its excellent situation on the banks of a great navigable river, and in a fine part of the country. According to the accounts last taken, the entire metropolis contained thirteen thousand nine hundred and thirty-six separate streets, squares, courts, alleys, &c., each with a distinct name Oxford street, the longest in London, is two thousand three hundred and four yards in length, and numbers two hundred and twenty-five houses on each side.

Without particular reference to municipal distinctions, London may be divided into four principal portions: the city, which is the centre, and where the greatest part of the business is conducted; the east end, in which is the port for shipping; the west end, or Westminster, in which are the palaces of the queen and royal family, the houses of parliament, Westminster abbey, and the residences of the nobility and gentry; the Surrey division south of the Thames, containing many manufactories and dwellings of private families. Our illustration gives as good a general view as is possible for the size of the city. It would be useless to enter into descriptions of places of interest in London

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Home Courtesies.

BY ECHO.

Home, of all other places in the wide world, has, or should have, the first and highest claims upon our affections, confidences and pleasantries, but in these degenerate days it sometimes happens that our affections are centered there, our confidences less frequently so, and what is to be lamented, our pleasantries are exercised and lavished more profusely everywhere else. It is surprisingly strange that the home circle of so many families in this day should be minus "the sweet small courtesies of life," which tend so much in their very natures to beautify its members and render perennial the joys that can spring from no other source. Why is it, we ask, that such are always reserved to be displayed before strangers and the casual comers in?—it shows a kind heart surely, to entertain, and we are commanded to do so by the source of all love, but it shows a heart much kinder still, to appreciate our every-day associations, and make home happy with our smiles and soft answers. It is a very small thing to say "thank you," "how kind!" "what a dear, good creature you are," or, "how shall I repay such favors" —very, very easy; nor do they require any time from other duties, but yet we generally forget to use them in our every-day life, never dreaming how gently they would raise the safety-valve of the heart, and exclude at once the surplus weight which causes human machinery to drag so heavily across the sands of time Some may argue, that we are at home, and must not look for such things, as though all of these, and a thousand other little pleasantries which might and should be practiced, were not embodied in the very word they bring as an argument against them. What is home without them? If you will show us a circle from which all of these are excluded, we will pronounce it a sadder spectacle than we ever wish to behold, from the fact that estrangement from natural affections will be the pre lominant feature of the scene. We may be learned; we may be rich in worldly goods, and though the latter may and does exert a powerful influence, yet without these small courtesies of life we must ever remain a stranger to the sweet and invaluable pleasures arising from a cultivation and exercise of them. The whole race of mankind is a chain, of which each individual forms a link; taken together it is of iron, but in its divisions and subdivisions it is made by God, the great alchymist, of gold, and each link should be careful to act his own part well—using much of the oil of pleasantness, to prevent the friction which wears away his lustre, for time with his inflexible wand, will plant the wrinkles on our brows, and sprinkle silver in our hair, quite soon enough, without any of our assistance.

Nothing is more charming or beautiful than to see a family when alone from the world, distributing this "oil of gladness" among themselves, and on the other hand, nothing is more disagreeable or unpleasant than to behold one forever in a broil—with the thermometer at fever heat, both winter and summer, save when a visitor steps in who may cause it to become temperate for a while. These blunt yeses and noes, so characteristic of many, fall with a twofold sharpness upon a heart that is yearning for love and affection. That we all have faults is true, but if we would just bear with the foibles of each other, correct them kindly or pass them over unnoticed, as we do those of strangers, time would be deprived of half its heaviness. Of all selfishness, none is half so blighting so withering, or so barbarous as the selfishness of kind words and kind actions, and of all places our homes should be exempt, totally exempt, from the fiendish principle, at all times and under all circumstances. Many a bright prospect has been blighted, by a crusty disapproval from a natural tie—many a cherished hope has been relinquished, and many a heart has been crushed, and gone with its burden of woes to an untimely grave, for want of a true sympathetic assistance.

Keep, oh! keep, the golden chain
Free from canker rust or stain—
'Tis a sacred, holy thing,
If perverted ruins bring.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Dying.

BY MATILDA.

I know that I am dying, there's a mist before my eyes,
And a heavy weight of anguish on my weary bosom lies;
My hands are cold and clammy, I am chilled and scarce afraid
As I gaze upon the pathway through which my feet must tread:
Oh! the way is dark and gloomy, it is so hard—so hard to die—
To leave the warm, bright sunshine, in the narrow grave to lie!
To leave this world of beauty, to be shut out from the day,
To part from all the blossoms and the winds that round me play:
To go with shrinking footsteps through the dark, the dread unknown,
With no sweet voice to speak to me—no hand to hold my own;
To go, I know not whither; oh! 't is so hard—so hard to die—
To leave this world of beauty in the dark still grave to lie!
Will you light the lamp, my mother, it is dark and cold to-night,
I am going out in darkness—will you—can you give me light?
What is that I hear you saying, Jesus is the light, the way—
Ah! what blessed words of promise—they have turned my night to day:
I am fearful now no longer, all is peace within my heart,
I am waiting for my Jesus, glad and longing to depart,
He has trod this path before me—pressed its thorns and then come back,
And I see—I see his footprints shining brightly on the track!
See, he comes—his arm sustains me, and he holds me by my hand,
And he bears me up so gently to the bright and better land.
That I hardly feel the parting, and I am no more afraid,
And I walk the dreaded valley with no thought of gloom or dread.
Mother, kiss me—I am going—take, oh! take my last farewell.
Jesus, Jesus, walks beside me—he is near, and all is well.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Love.

BY KLUTZ.

What potency Love hath,
And yet how weak!
Awhile a raging lion in the path,
Anon all meek!
Most terrible in wrath,
But oft afraid to speak!
It hath a likeness of itself in air,—
The air still constant to its clasped star,—
That, whilom furious with the Arctic bear,
Is gentle now as Houris' breathings are.

COL. THOS. F. GOODE.

Tis gentleman announces himself through the *Tobacco Plant*, a candidate for election to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney for the county of Mecklenburg, a position which he had held for several years previous to the last Congressional election in this district.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SELF INTEREST.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

This age in which we live and thrive has been styled the age of refinement, of progress, of knowledge, of woman's rights and of humbugs; but incontestible facts prove it to be an age in which *self-interest* predominates, and one, in which man'kind travel the beaten paths of aggrandizement, rather than the great highway of charity and love.

Living as we do in an age of progress, luckily, as it is our privilege and glory in the civilization and enlightenment of the nineteenth century, when the march of intellect pursues with irresistible strides, its onward course, and when the splendors of human magnificence shed their refulgent rays over the world, dispelling like mist before the sun, the gloom and ignorance of Gothic times, it is inconceivable that people are to be found who contend and believe our mission on earth is accomplished by and confined to, the operations of *self-interest*.

"Give me," say the votaries at the shrine of self-interest, "what my wants demand, and I ask no more."

Art and science are only useful to them as they promote their *interest*. Beyond this they seek not the aid of any improvement, and therefore, care not for the development of their uses. Absurd, impious, and preposterous as this doctrine is, yet we see it carried into practice every day, and many, instead of living for the good they might do, wrap them close up in the mantle of *self interest* and *aggrandizement*.

We all have a destiny before us, which every moral law compels us to fulfill. We live to bring to perfection the attributes of the soul, to cultivate our moral faculties as far as within us lies, and to extend a helping hand to our tottering neighbor. We live for the glory of our Maker, and in the proper use of our faculties we glorify him by offering the immortal fruits of a well developed genius to his honor, praise, and glory, as the aim and end of all things. But those who uphold the banner of self interest would vilely prostitute God's precious gifts to the bare satisfaction of their physical cravings alone, and convert them into means of self abasement.

What is it that raises men above the level of the beasts. Is it not the spirit of development, the perfection of his morals, and the improvement of his spiritual nature?

Those whose minds grovel in the mire of self interest tell us that they study merely to eke out an existence, and to get a due share of the goods of this earth. If they obtain a livelihood they are satisfied. The brutes can do this, and thus they place themselves upon an equality with them. But the *true man* has more to do He was not born to grovel but to soar.

Had this doctrine been promulgated in the days of old by the master minds, whose works we now so much admire, what a deplorable darkness would have shrouded the present.—Had Euclid been a worshipper at the shrine of self-interest what would now be the state of mathematics? Had the immortal painter Angelo been a victim to such follies, where now would be all those splendid works of genius which adorn the walls of St. Peter's and St. Paul's?

Art and science should be cultivated for their own sake, and not for the sake of man immediately—for the demonstration of their own intrinsic excellence—for the preservation of their own sacred cause, and the further revelations of their mysteries.

If, therefore, we would become men—men of truth and honor, we must cultivate the love of the useful and beautiful. Cultivate it—not for any pecuniary benefit it may bring us, but with the sole purpose of developing the spiritual nature within us. Let us not be as the oyster, living within ourselves, in a shell of *self interest*,—taking no nourishment beyond what is absolutely necessary, but let us drink in the deep inspirations of a God-like spirit, and as we enjoy the blessings, the comforts, and the uses of life, let us scatter them abroad, that all may breathe their fragrance, and pluck the golden fruits which are within their reach.

EXPERIENCE.

A looking-glass which we will not believe reflects our own destiny, until we have bought and paid for it.

FOR THE TIMES.

Ballad.

Translated from the German of Emanuel Geibel.

BY ELISE VON LINDEN.

They said to her, "He's false and base,
He loves thee not." Then bowed she down in grief
And tears, like pearls, flowed from her pallid face
As dew from roses. Woe! that she'd believe!
For when he came and doubting found his maid,
Because he proud—he would not show how deep
His sorrow—gaily he would dance, and laugh like mad,
And then at night in anguish he would weep.

Oft a good angel whispers in her ear,
"He is yet thine, give him thy hand, be true."
And he, too, feels that she is still so dear,
That she is all to him, and loves him too.
A friendly smile but give, one word but say
By which the pow'r that parted you be broken.
Then they met—alas! to pride a prey,
This simple word was never spoken.

So they parted. And as in domes of yore
The light of alter lamps did die away—
First faint, then fainter, now flare up once more,
And then all left in darkness and decay:—
So died their love, first sorrowed o'er in grief;
Now yearning for it, then from mem'ry driven,
Until at last they scarcely could believe
That plights of truth in love they e'er had given.

And oft in after years, when Lunar shene
With her pale light on nature, all in peace,
Could you behold them sleepless and alone,
In deepest sorrow praying on their knees,
Or often pond'ring over bygone days
How they had loved, how they were ever true:
How now so widely are apart their ways,
Almighty Father! oh! forgive those two!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Sydney Dobell's Poems—Poems by the author of John Halifax—Discovery of Sir John Franklin—Guide to the Knowledge of Life—Littell's Living Age—New Book of Fairy Tales—Capital Indian Tale—James' New Novel—New Southern Story—Lola Montez's Lectures.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, to whom the public are indebted for so many volumes of poetry—absolute, actual, real and genuine poetry—have this week issued two new volumes, introducing two comparatively new poets to the American public. The first volume is a "blue and gold," containing the *Poems of Sydney Dobell*, including "The Roman, a dramatic poem," "Balder," and pieces written during the Crimean struggle, under the general title of "England in Time of War." The compact character of these little blue and gold pocket volumes will be inferred when we state that the whole of the above three volumes, separately issued as such in England, are comprised in this single little gem of a book. In England Dobell is gradually and surely taking his place as a poet of the highest order, ranking next to Tennyson, and above Alexander Smith and Philip James Bailey. For their taste and penetration in introducing him into their very sacred Walhalla, Messrs. T. & F. deserve the thanks of every intelligent reader in the country, as well as for their enterprise in furnishing so exquisite a volume at the ridiculously low price of seventy-five cents. There are yet two others of the Parnassian fraternity who deserve admittance into this dainty company of "blue and gold," and we make the suggestion to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. These are T. K. Hervey, who died in May last, and Caliler Campbell, no satisfactory editions of whose verses have yet appeared in this country.

The second volume from our Boston publishers is a neat (18mo.) uniform with their editions of Paul H. Hayne, Timrod, Saxe, and others, containing *Poems by the Author of John Halifax*. A few of the pieces are already familiar to American readers, Philip My King, By the Alna River, etc., having led a fugitive life in Poet's Corners in the newspapers for some years past. In her brief preface Miss Mulock modestly deprecates any unusual consideration for her effusions, a prayer which the public will not grant, or we are mistaken. There are words here that alternately play or burn along the pages, surprising and delighting the reader, satisfying the nicest critic ear, and often recalling the hardly more intense and passionate Mrs. Browning. Her muse is also clearer than that of her suffering sister of Italy, and if not more sonorous, is healthier and sturdier. As in her prose she shows the character of a strong consistent English woman. Lovers of true poetry will thank us for directing them to this gem of a volume.

Capt. McClintock's anxiously expected *Narrative of the Voyage of the Fox in search of Sir John Franklin*, is issued this week by the same publishers. This is the, author's edition published by special arrangement with the gallant Captain and his London publishers. American readers who believe in fairness and justice to all, should ignore any other edition of the work, whether published in Philadelphia or New York.

Messrs. C. S. Francis & Co., New York, who in times past have given to the public many valuable publications, are again returning to the lists, and have just issued an important volume intended for family reference and the use of schools. It is *A Guide to the Knowledge of Life Vegetable and Animal*; Being a Comprehensive Manual of Physiology, Viewed in Relation to the Maintenance of Health; By Robert James Mann, M. D.; 1 vol., 12mo., with numerous plates. The author's subject is an important one, covering not merely the broad principles on which life is based, but the means whereby strong, healthy action may be promoted, and decay and disease arrested. The composition of the animated frame, muscular and nervous apparatus, the constitution of the brain, and other fundamental principles of the command. "Man, know thyself," are clearly and concisely treated, without technical terms, and in a manner which addresses itself directly to the reason and intelligence of readers. The little manual should find an introduction into every household.

A new novel by the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," entitled "Hopes and Fears," is finding its way in weekly instalments into that unrivalled repository of good things, *Littell's Living Age*. Even Adam Bede or Jane Eyre was not more cordially received by the public than Miss Yonges' Heir of Redcliffe, and the strong marks of the author are visible in her new novel as above. In addition to this, every number of the "Age" contains shorter stories and sketches, solid articles from the foreign reviews, political leaders from the Spectator, Examiner, Times and other mighty London journals, and an untold variety of briefer paragraphs picked up *passim*. A new volume began with the first week in January, and Miss Yonges' story was also then and there commenced so that a better time from which to date new subscriptions could not be picked out of the year. Mr. Littell, in replying lately to one or two subscribers who asked him why the leaves of the "Age" were not trimmed as formerly, said, and it was as dry an answer as Tantalus himself could have given, "We admit it is some trouble for each reader to cut his leaves, but it is nothing when compared with the trials of the Early Christians."

Two attractive volumes are this week issued from the active press of Mr. George G. Evans, of the famous Gift Book Establishment, Philadelphia. The first is *The Child's Book of Fairy Tales*, handsomely illustrated in rich colors. The book is newly prepared, the stories are all new, as are also the engravings of which there are about a dozen. The good pen-l figure is fat-l character, and in my a pleasant recollection of early days is brought vividly to view at peep once more at the cunning fairies with their sly tricks and wily ways. The book is the best thing of the kind we have seen.

The other volume—also a handsome duodecimo—is an interesting romance of the times of King Philip. *The Doomed Chief*, or Two Hundred Years Ago. By the author of The Green Mountain Boys, etc. In this novel Mr. Thompson comes into direct contrast with Mr. Holmes' famous story of Mount Hope. Not to forestall the reader's critical opinion we ask him, if he have read the latter fine story, to give a careful perusal to the new and more romantic narrative by Mr. Thompson. It is exciting, and presents an accurate picture of the stormy encounter between the whites and the Wampanoags, studiously correct in its estimate of the Indian character. It may not be out of place here to state that on Christmas day Mr. Evans distributed three thousand dollars to twenty clerks in his establishment, with the compliments of the season; and on New Year's day served out one thousand loaves of bread to the poor from the steps of the Custom House. Mr. Evans also sent the munificent sum of one thousand dollars to the Lawrence sufferers. The book establishment of Mr. Evans is one of the institutions of the Keystone City.

Like Leigh Hunt and Allan Cunningham, who always "hailed with fresh delight every new romance from the prolific pen of G. P. R. James," there are thousands of American readers who always greet "James' last" with a no ordinary greeting. These have another feast in store in *The Man in Black*, an historical romance of the times of Queen Anne, just issued in a fifty cent octavo pamphlet volume, by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. This enterprising firm is now gradually placing all the new romances of this most voluminous author.

The same publishers issue, in a neat duodecimo, a romance of Southern life that seems everywhere to be mistaken for one of the novels of Caroline Lee Hentz. It is entitled *The Planter's Daughter*, A Tale of Louisiana, and the authorship is kept secret, though we could whisper it to the reader. The fair author need not be ashamed of her work. The story is exceedingly well written, the plot pleasantly contrived, the characters skilfully drawn, and the fragments of scenery interspersed agreeably painted. The book will unquestionably stand on its own merits, the readers of Mrs. Hentz's charming stories will prize it the more that it so nearly resembles one of her own pictures of southern life as to have been thus universally mistaken for it. Southern readers who take an interest in their own growing literature should purchase this romance.

Still another of Messrs. Peterson & Brothers' new issues comprises *The Lectures of Lola Montez*, including her autobiography, embraced in one neat duodecimo volume, scarlet binding. The sketch of her life is written as though she were writing of her next best friend, and not herself, and spicy enough it is. Her influence at the Austrian court, and her acknowledged familiarity with the politics of nations, are touched upon modestly—for Lola. The lectures comprise various discourses delivered in Philadelphia, New Orleans, and elsewhere, on Beautiful Women, Gallantry, Heroines of History, Romanism, Wits of Paris, etc.

RENUNCIATION BY A MASON.

Of M. Lanergan, who recently died at East Cambridge, Massachusetts from the effects of wounds caused by the explosion of a gun, the Boston Journal says:

"Mr. Lanergan, although a prominent member of the Masonic Order, which incapacitates a man from being a strict Roman Catholic, was still a devoted follower of the Church of Rome, and on the day of the accident, in the absence of Father Branigan, of East Cambridge, sent for Father Hamilton, of Charlestown, who administered to him the Sacrament. Before the performance of this ceremony, however, Mr. Lanergan renounced the oaths which bound him to the Masonic Order, as under no other circumstances would the priest receive his confession.

Miscellaneous News Items.

ORIGIN OF "BROTHER JONATHAN."

Charles L. Chaplain, Esq., the bearer of the resolutions adopted at the Union meeting of New Haven, Conn., in a patriotic address which he presented to the Legislature of Virginia, gives the following explanation of a familiar phrase.

"So great was Washington's reliance upon him, (Gov. Jonathan Trumbull, of Conn.) not only for his unfailing zeal and resources in supplying the wants of war, but also upon his judgement and wisdom for counsel, that in any new emergency his familiar remark was 'we must consult brother Jonathan.' A proud title, expressive not only of Washington's confidence in him, but also of his affection towards him. A title, which, when it no longer designated or distinguished him upon whom it was conferred, was perpetuated by being transferred to our common country, whose name as a nation, to this day in England is *Brother Jonathan*."

IMPROVEMENT OF PROPERTY BY RAILROADS.

The Railroad Recorder, published in Cincinnati, states that carefully examining the valuation of property in a large number of counties in Ohio, it finds that the increase in those having railroads is double the increase in those having no railroads; thus proving that a large amount of the increase in the State is due to railroads only. Inquiring into the effect of the capital employed on one hand, and of the increase of capital, it obtains the following results: Increase of capital, $150,000,000; costs of roads, $110,000,000. The result in Missouri is stated to be precisely similar.

RECOVERING WOOL FROM WORN FABRICS.

A patent has been taken out in England, by R. Bell, for recovering wool from old worn-out clothes, composed of cotton and wool, such as delaines. The patentee takes muriate of manganese, such as is ordinarily obtained as a residuum in the manufacture of bleaching powders; the rags to be treated are then steeped in a solution of this, which entirely decomposes the vegetable or cotton portions, and leaves the woolen fibres uninjured. The liquor is then strained through a sieve that retains the wool, which is afterward washed, dried, and may be used for shoddy or other purposes in making new goods out of old materials, just as new paper is made out of old rags.

PLOT TO ASSASSINATE NAPOLEON.

One of the items of intelligence by the steamer Nova Scotian, is that a report has been currently circulated from Paris that another plot has been discovered against the life of the Emperor Napoleon, and that many are being secretly arrested on suspicion of being engaged in it.

HUMAN REMAINS IN THE DRIFT.

For the last twenty years it has been known that axes of flint, evidently wrought by human skill, were found in beds of the drift at Amiens, associated with the bones of extinct species of animals. This discovery, made by a learned antiquary, Mr. Boucher de Perthes, has been regarded as doubtful, and it was supposed that sufficient precaution had not been observed in conducting the explorations. Recent discoveries made in a cavern at Brixham, near Torquay, in England, however, recalled attention to the observations of Mr. Perthes, and Mr. Prestwich, with several other geologists, accordingly visited Amiens in order to make the excavations necessary to decide this important question. Every precaution was of course taken to prevent errors or deception, and Mr. Prestwich could find nothing at Abbeville, but at Amiens he was more fortunate: one of his companions, Mr. Flower, in examining a bed of gravel at six meters from the surface, and evidently undisturbed, extracted with his own hands a fine axe, more than five inches long. After this Mr. Prestwich having been informed that a similar discovery had been made in 1797, at Hoxne, in Suffolk, visited the place, and learned that some years since wrought flints were still found in abundance, although rare at present. He however succeeded in finding two axes, similar to those of Amiens, but of less perfect finish. An analogous fact has just been verified by French geologists, who have found these axes in Picardy, associated with remains of *Elephas primogenius, Rhinoceros tichorhinus, Equus fossilus*, and an extinct species of *Bos*. The conclusion from all these facts is that man was contemporaneous with these several species of large animals now lost, and known to us only by their fossil remains.

THE SURGES OF THE PACIFIC.

The "Josephene" brought discouraging news from Baker's Islands, reporting the complete destruction of the shear wharf, erected for the purpose of shipping guano over the surf. This wharf was about 400 feet in length and put up with a great deal of labor. The first injury to it was caused by the hull of the wrecked ship Virginia being washed against it in a storm. This carried away five pair of shears, which, however were soon replaced and the wharf put in working order.

A few days later, a tremendous surf rolled in from the westward, which completely demolished the entire structure. This surf is supposed to have been created by the S. W. monsoons which blow with such terrific fury in the China seas. Eye witnesses describe it as exceeding anything of the kind ever seen at these islands in our heaviest storms. The surf rolls in from the sea sometimes an unbroken column twenty to twenty five feet high, and a quarter of a mile long, threatening at times to deluge the island, and affording one of the greatest sights imaginable.

And this occurs without any strong wind, or perhaps the wind from the contrary direction. Of course no fabric, though built of solid masonry, could withstand such a tremendous power, and the probability is that the shipping of guano will have to be done by the slow mode of beaching the whaleboats, whenever a quiet sea permits it, for no boats could ever ride through such a surf as we have described.—*Honolulu Com. Ad.*

THE WHITWORTH GUN.

The English papers contain quite lengthy reports of the recent trials of the Whitworth Gun, said to be superior in many ways to that of Sir Wm. Armstrong. With a 3-pounder, and an elevation of 35 degs., loaded with 8 ozs. of powder, the first shot touched the ground at 9,688 yards distance—more than 5½ miles and only 34 yards to the right of the true line.—The second lodged in the sand, at 9,645 yards, and 31 yards to the right of the mark. With an elevation of only 33 degs., a range of 9,547 yards was obtained, the shot falling only 57 yards to the right of the mark. The greatest range ever reached by any Armstrong Gun was 9,130 yards; and this with a 32-pounder, fired with a 6 pound charge, at an elevation of 35 degrees. Mr. Whitworth claims that his guns also possess greater durability than any other. From one of them upwards of 1,500 shots have been fired, chiefly at high elevations, without the gun exhibiting any injury or sign of wear. The material used is contained in a tin cartridge case, about seven inches long, and at the end which meets the shot, is a small lump of grease, which being melted by the explosion lubricates the barrel from end to end. It is therefore never necessary to use a sponge, the gun at the end of a day's firing being as clean and as bright as if it had not been used at all.

PRINTERS WANTED.

From a late number of the Madison "Visitor" we quote the following, viz:

"We have received several Catalogues of Southern Institutions, printed in Philadelphia and New York. Southern printers and publishers, of course have no children to educate. (?) O, yes! but the printing can be done so much cheaper in the large establishments North, indeed!—and so can education be acquired more cheaply in the large institutions of the North, as a consideration of dollars and cents to once or a few individuals. It is the policy of the South to marshal its own resources, encourage all kinds of industrial pursuits among its own people, and thereby relieve itself from its present state of slavish and abject dependence."

A MILITIA COMPANY DISBANDED FOR FIDELITY TO THE UNION.

An extraordinary affair has just occurred in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which shows the progress of the irrepressible conflict in that region of the Northwest. It appears that a Captain Barry, of the Union Guard, which is represented as one of the finest companies in the Wisconsin State militia, expressed an opinion in private conversation, that in case of a conflict between the United States authorities and those of the State in the Booth case, he would order out his company in obedience to the former, considering, as he did, the claims of country paramount to those of State. Upon being catechized by the Adjutant General, Captain Barry admitted that he conceived such orders coming from the Governor would be illegal, and should not be obeyed, inasmuch as it would mean simply to commit the crime of treason, to which he and his men would be subject to, and would deserve the penalty of death. Upon this admission of fidelity to the United States authority, the Black Republican Governor of Wisconsin at once disbanded and disarmed the Union Guard a portion of the regular militia of the State.

BURNING OF THE MOBILE THEATRE AND OTHER BUILDINGS.

The Mobile Theatre, the Union Cotton Press, with 2,000 bales of cotton, and several adjoining buildings, were destroyed by fire Tuesday morning. The loss is estimated at $275,000.

DIED ON HIS OWN GRAVE.

An old and respected citizen, Mr. John Marschalk, residing at No. 143 Willoughby street, died suddenly in the Cemetery of the Evergreens on Wednesday afternoon. He was on a visit to the Cemetery with his grandson, and seating himself on a tomb stone in the plot owned by himself, fell back and expired. He had latterly been treated for dropsy and disease of the heart, and it is supposed he died of the latter disease. The deceased was eighty three years of age and was widely known among the old citizens of Brooklyn.

DEAD.

Hon. Lewis C. Levin, one of the founders of the Native American Party, died in Philadelphia on Wednesday, aged 52 years. He was a native of Charleston, S. C.

POST OFFICE AFFAIRS.

The Postmaster General has established the following: *Virginia*—Sardis, Harrison county; Wayside, Mecklenburg; Doe Hill, Highland.—*North Carolina*—Spigotsville, Craven county. Discontinued Alpine, Stanly.

A male child was recently born in Stanislaus, Mass., healthy and well formed, with a well defined pair of soft silky whiskers stretching from ear to ear. It is now five weeks old, bright and lively with a growing beard.

DISCOVERY AT PORT HOPE, C. W.

The Peterboro Review says that a very important discovery has been made near Port Hope, Canada. For some years there was known to exist within a few miles of that place a large bed of white marl, or clayey substance, deemed to be of little importance except for whitewashing fences, &c. It is now ascertained, however, that this marl is chiefly composed of *tripoli*, a marine deposit of much value, heretofore only known to exist in Africa, the Isle of France, Tuscany and in some other parts of Europe. The pure tripoli is quite unequalled as a polishing substance. It was used by the ancients extensively, and hence that high polish which they are known to have given to stone, crystal, silver, and every description of metal. Both in England and America attempts have been made to produce a substitute for tripoli; but although many excellent polishing substances have been produced, none of them are at all comparable to the newly discovered tripoli of Canada. A company has been formed, the Review says, who have purchased the property and patented the discovery. They are now manufacturing it upon a large scale, giving employment to between thirty and forty persons.

This discovery is an important one, if the facts are as above stated.

CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE KING OF SARDINIA.

The *Eco d'Italia*, of March 7th, contains a remarkable statement. The editor says:

"From private letters coming to us from Milan, dated February 17th, we learn that the police of Milan have just discovered an atrocious scheme, the object of which was to assassinate Victor Emanuel on the occasion of his entry into the capital of Lombardy. One of the conspirators, a certain Count Bramb'lla, the same who, in 1849, abstracted the golden medals from the Gregorian Museum, was arrested, and on his person were found suspicious documents and large sums of money destined for the Pontifical Court. Other conspirators, all Austrians or priests, are in the hands of the police.

"By another correspondence, we are assured that the indefatigable Farini has discovered a vast conspiracy organized by various officials at Verona, aided by the anti-Napoleon party of France. The intercepted correspondence shows that the conspirators intended to make use of the dagger and of poison in carrying out their schemes. One of the intended victims was General Garabaldi. The Courts of Naples and Rome were ignorant of the conspiracy, but would have been informed of it. The director of this plot was a famous ruffian of the ex-Duke of Modena, one Virginio Alpi, of Forli, the very type of the desperate assassin."

HORRIBLE DEATH FROM SNUFF-DIPPING.

Miss Tennessee Gibson died last week in Arkansas, from the effect of snuff-dipping. She fell asleep with the "mob" in her mouth, and was found a corpse some hours after. A post mortem revealed the fact that she had swallowed the juice, which was converted into nicotine, a deadly poison; her lips, cheek and breast were smeared with the foul stuff in her dying struggles, alone in her room. Before she retired she felt a deadly sickness, having swallowed some of the juice, but she had used it so long, nothing was thought of her complaint until it was too late.

HOW THE THISTLES SAVED SCOTLAND.

The following is related as to the origin of the use of the Thistle as the National emblem of Scotland:

"When the Danes invaded Scotland, they availed themselves of the pitch darkness of night to attack the Scottish forces unobserved, and being barefooted to prevent their tramp being heard, one of the Danes trod upon a large prickly thistle, and the sharp cry of pain which he instinctively uttered, suddenly apprized the Scotts of their danger, who immediately ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with slaughter. The thistle was thenceforward adopted as the national insignia of Scotland.

ARREST OF A GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS.

Three white men, calling themselves Antonio Brucai, Salvato Carnal and John Brown, were arrested in Norfolk, Va., Wednesday, on the charge of scattering counterfeit coin of the denomination of quarter and half dollars. About $75 in spurious coin was found in their possession.

FROM RIO JANEIRO.

A letter from Rio Janeiro, dated on the 8th ult., says: The stock of Coffee in first hands is large, and receipts for the interior average a thousand bags per day; but all is of an inferior quality, and only finds a market in England and Germany. In 16,000 bags, not 1,000 bags could be selected for the American markets, and the expenses of loading, freight and insurance would cover the prices in the United States. The stock of flour is 70,000 bbls. of which 55,500 from Richmond, 16,000 bbls. from Philadelphia, and 3,000 bbls. from Trieste and Genoa, remain in importers' hands, and prices range from 14$250 to 18$000. Nearly all American vessels leave in ballast.

MURDER AT CHAPEL HILL

We learn that a fight occurred at Chapel Hill last Saturday week between a young man named Ford of this State and a young man named Watson of Chapel Hill, son of Jones Watson, both Students, which terminated in the death of Watson. It is said that Ford struck Watson with a slung shot and then stabbed him; from which wounds he died Tuesday evening last. Ford has made his escape.

Times' Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 23, 1860.

Congressional Matter—Capture of the Mexican Piratical Steamers—The Nicaragua Treaty—Business in our City Council—Operatic—The Conventions.

Quite a sensation was created among the Southern Senators last Tuesday by a petition presented in the Senate, by Mr. Sumner, asking Congress to repeal the fugitive slave law of 1850, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and in the U. S. Territories, to prohibit the inter-State slave trade, and to pass a resolution pledging Congress against the admission of any slave State into the Union, the acquisition of any slave territory, and the employment of any slave, by any agent, contractor, officer or department of the federal government. This bill indicates more fully the real sentiments of the abolitionists than any past declaration of their leaders here, or in their partizan platforms: it was laid on the table by a party vote. The Senate yesterday passed a bill authorizing the loan of $200,000 by the corporation of this city to build the new Centre Market house, and not to submit the question of the loan to our citizens at the next June election, as proposed by the House amendment; after debating on the bill, an amendment was adopted that the government shall be in no way liable for the debt and interest, and that the revenues of said market shall be devoted to liquidating the debt created for its erection. The contract for the printing of the Post Office blanks has been awarded to the lowest bidder, Jewett & Co., at a reduction of 9½ per cent below the prices authorized hitherto by law.

The late events in Mexico are of an exciting nature, and should serve to direct the attention of the Senate to the subject, but that body seems rather indifferent to Mexican affairs, although close attention is given to that important subject by the executive government. The capture of the steamers at Vera Cruz, however, led Mr. Hale to offer a resolution of inquiry on the subject on last Tuesday. Mr. Cox of Ohio made a very appropriate speech on our relations with Mexico, in the House last Monday.

The Nicaragua Treaty having been defeated last week, it is considered useless to negotiate another with Nicaragua, as none would be acceptable to the executive and the democratic majority of the Senate, without the intervention article, which the republicans oppose; the latter body held a meeting last Tuesday relative to the rejection by their votes of the Nicaraguan treaty, and agreed that a motion to reconsider the vote be made on their part, if it should be desired by the friends of the treaty. The motion to reconsider was accordingly made by Mr. Colcomar in executive session. The fact that the time has elapsed within which the treaty was by the terms to be ratified, will be no obstacle, unless Nicaragua should wish a pretext for repudiating it, which is quite improbable. The treaty will now be ratified unless the republicans, as a body, should insist upon the rejection of the second clause of the intervention article.

At the last meeting of our City Councils, important business was transacted, among other bills passed was an appropriation of 2,000 dollars for sweeping and watering Pennsylvania avenue from the Capitol to Eighteenth street for one year. Mathy's design for a new bridge to be built at the site of the present dilapidated structure, (Long Bridge,) and permanently connecting our city with the Virginia shore, was examined, and being highly approved of, was referred to the consideration of the District committees of Congress.

During the past week, our city has been visited by the Ullman and Strakosch opera company, and indeed our pleasure-seekers are now having their "fill" of this delightful entertainment. The Theatre is nightly crowded, and last night two hundred applicants for tickets were turned away from the door, grievously disappointed at not being able to see and hear Miss Adelina Patti and other "stars." The crowd would of course be much greater were this opera engagement at any other time of the winter than during Lent.

Public interest is now directed to the Charleston and Chicago conventions: Congress will, no doubt, agree upon a recess, though not for thirty days at a time; they will more probably allow a week for each convention. The general impression now seems to be that Congress will remain in session till about the 1st of July next. Q.

NEW ORLEANS, March 17th, 1860.

The Knights of the Golden Circle: A Sketch of their History and Aims; Critical state of our Relations with Mexico: Continued Troubles on the Rio Grande—Proposed Aid for the New England Strikers—Burning of a Steamboat and Loss of Life—Horrible Accident at the St. Charles Hotel—A Natural Musical Prodigy.

The movements of the mysterious K. G. C.'s or Knights of the Golden Circle, begin to excite a great deal of attention in our community. The order was instituted about six years ago for the cultivation of a martial spirit among the young men of the South. It has gradually increased its influence and extended its ramifications, until now it numbers fully thirty thousand members, distributed throughout seventeen States of the Union, including all the Southern States. Its object is to assist the Juarez Government in Mexico in crushing the Miramon faction. Its movements, I hear, will not be secret; and it is whispered that the first detachment of four thousand men will embark from our levee in a very short time. Public opinion will sustain the project. Day by day our Mexican relations are growing more complicated and perplexing. Affairs on the Rio Grande could scarcely be in a worse condition than at present, and there is very little ground to hope for redress at the hands of either the Mexican Government or our own. The K. G. C.'s promise that once they have set the Juarez party fairly upon its legs they will make short work of Cortinas and his outlaws. I believe they are able and willing to fulfill their pledge. We shall see.

A novel idea has been started here by the Delta newspaper. It is that the South should contribute to sustain the New England shoe operatives in their present strike, and offer fit inducements to such as are willing to emigrate and make the South their home. This is a good move, and, if carried out properly will do more towards disabusing the popular mind at the North of its prejudices against slavery and slaveholders than all the elaborate arguments ever written in their behalf. Let the Southern press everywhere give the project an echo.

The steamer Judge Porter, from Wetumpka, with a large load of cotton aboard for this port, while coming in to her wharf at the lake end of the Carrollton Railroad, took fire, at eleven o'clock last Monday morning. Eighteen lives were lost, including several females.

A shocking affair took place on Wednesday last at the St. Charles Hotel. Some plumbers were engaged repairing the gas-fixings, when the naptha which they were using exploded, setting fire to the hotel, and also to three of the workmen in the room. It was mid-day. I saw the wretched men rush out, like pyramids of flame, and rendered still with torture. A few moments elapsed before the horrified spectators could lend any aid. Finally, burning as they were, they were thrown into the gutter, where a considerable amount of water had collected. When taken out they were found to be literally roasted alive. They have all since died. The fire in the hotel was extinguished without serious loss.

In Spalding & Rogers' Museum they have lately introduced a miracle of musical talent in the shape of a little negro boy, who has never been taught music scientifically, but whose ear and memory are so accurate that he can play the most difficult pieces after hearing them once, in a style rivalling that of the best performers. He excites much wonder here, especially among the ladies. In other respects the boy is a simpleton. STYX.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, March 24th, 1860.

More about Charleston—Jottings here and there—The Convention—North Carolina and her Britannic Majesty—Your correspondent and "The Times" go out to sea and that is all he knows about it.

Dear Times:—We much regret that want of space compelled us in our last to be so brief in our description of the beautiful City of Charleston; but the fact is that we are obliged to put a restraint on our pen, wholesome and necessary it may be, but surely against our will, otherwise it would riot in the most jubilant excess among those rich gardens, already crowned with the choicest blessings of Spring, embowered in deepest and sweetest of shady retreats. The new Custom House is a splendid building of white marble, now nearly complete, very conveniently situated for the business men, mostly located on East Bay Street, and commanding from its lofty portico an extended view of the whole harbor. We visited the famous Artesian Wells, on Wentworth Street: one is being bored by a steam engine and machinery adapted to the purpose, while its neighbor, some twelve hundred feet in depth, sends forth large quantities of water; this is highly esteemed for its medicinal properties, is bottled up and sold like Saratoga Water and is considered very beneficial for bathing purposes. The City has a high reputation for literary merit and social enjoyment of the most refined order: for some years "Russell's Magazine" nobly battled against opposing fate and was a living evidence that the talent of the South could sustain an excellent periodical: it has at last expired and its sad obsequies have been performed by fair hands, loaded with jewels, as well as by manly ones which have grasped the laurel crown.

Much has been said in reference to the approaching session of the National Convention and perhaps we may relieve some apprehensions by a simple and disinterested statement, the calculation has been made, but without sufficient foundation, we think, that from ten to fifteen thousand people will be present (we doubt if there will be five thousand) but it is to accommodate this immense mass that corresponding preparations have been made by the Hotel keepers; provisions are even now very high, 30c for beef and every thing else in like proportion, and of course they have to buy great numbers of bedsteads, mattresses, blankets, &c., &c., hire more servants and in a word do their utmost endeavors in every respect; for all this the highest charge will be, we are told, $5 a day. One landlord has given notice to all his regular boarders that they must leave or else pay for their rooms some $50 to $75 per diem, as he expects to put ten or twelve strangers in their rooms; he will be obliged too, he says, to remove all his carpets, curtains, mirrors and furniture and discharge all his female servants. The members of the Convention will most probably be privately entertained and many of the citizens of course will receive their friends—many more undoubtedly will find house room in the village of Mount Pleasant, at Sullivan's Island and on board the numerous steamboats and ships in the harbor.

An interesting case will be tried next month in the Superior Court at Wilmington, which may assume a national importance: a negro, from the West Indies, who is a British subject is in jail there, charged with aiding or abetting the escape of a slave. The matter has excited attention in England from the peculiar circumstances connected with it and H. B. M. Consul in Charleston has received instructions to take active steps in the matter and to protest in the most energetic manner against his execution in case of conviction. This will lead to his dismissal by the President and may stir up some difficulty between the two Governments, of course the English do not relish the idea that a subject of the realm should hang for doing what they consider a duty of humanity.

Our trip from Charleston to Savannah was our first experience of a sea voyage; at the start we thought it very grand, but as we passed the forts and the City faded into the dim distance we began to experience emotions, which if not altogether new and strange, certainly were not those of romantic admiration of old Ocean's grandeur and beauty. Your correspondent ignobly retreated from the deck to a snug berth, attempted to solace himself with the "Times," presently succumbed to the accumulated miseries of his position and ingloriously went to sleep: your readers must therefore draw on their imaginations for a brilliant description of a sunset at sea, of the many changing gyrations of the white gulls and the cheerful appearance and gradual disappearance of the light boats: all we have to say is "ignoramus." The city is charmingly located on a high bluff on the Savannah river about 15 miles from its mouth, is beautifully laid off with five open squares and has any number of Banks and Churches. The tide runs some distance above the city and a large foreign trade is carried on. Yours, &c.,

P. S. S.

LEAVENWORTH, K. T., March 17, 1860.

Editors of the Times:—Dear sirs: When I promised to write you from the "Great West" I was not aware that my wanderings would extend quite so far towards sun down as I at present find myself, but perhaps some items from even this far western land will not be wholly unacceptable to you and your numerous family of intelligent readers.

I was much disappointed with the general appearance of the country upon first coming into this Territory. Not disagreeably so far, I find it much better in all respects than I had pictured it from all descriptions I had read of it. It is a prairie country—in that all accounts agree. But instead of being a boundless level like prairies in Illinois and other western states it is immensely hilly. Not rolling with ridge-like swells but tumbled together in all sorts of confusion. Along the streams there is plenty of rich level bottom land with soil from two to seven feet deep. But the prairies are a succession of hills of all sorts and sizes. No timber is found except along the streams and that of quite an inferior kind. It answers, however, for present purposes, and it is said there is plenty of coal in the interior. So when railroads are built it will be quite as well as though there was a superabundance of timber. Far better, too, in my opinion, for now there is nothing in the way of the plow, the harrow, or the hoe, and a farm can in two years be brought under cultivation which would require fifteen years to put under equally good condition in a heavily timbered country. I have not seen a swamp or a low piece of ground since coming into the territory, and I fearlessly assert that there is not so well drained a country any where else upon the face of this earth. The rivers and creeks are all clear and running, and good water may be obtained upon the prairies by digging to a depth of from forty to sixty feet.

The hills are mostly smooth and gently sloping, and the soil is everywhere deep and rich. Good farms may be obtained for considerably less than one dollar per acre with land warrants at present prices. Railroads are surveyed in various directions and land located upon their routes will soon be worth fortunes to the owners. I do not suppose there has ever been a better time to invest in Kansas lands than at present. Owing to hard times improved land can be bought very reasonably, and but little is being done just now at the land offices.

The weather has been delightful nearly all winter. No snow and clear, bright, warm days such as you have, Mr. Editor, in your own 'sunny South.' Farmers have been at work nearly all winter, making fences, breaking the sod, and doing all sorts of odd jobs. Just now they have made their gardens, sowed oats, planted early potatoes, etc. Grass is starting finely upon the prairies, and soon there will be plenty for the horses, mules, and oxen, of the Pike's Peakers, whose white-covered wagons already begin to dot the hills beyond the waters of the 'Big Muddy.'

Everything indicates that soon there will be an immense train of people passing here to the gold regions, eight hundred miles west, in search of the 'Golden Torch,' or some other equally ready way to fame and fortune. May they not be disappointed is my earnest prayer. Everything at present goes to confirm the opinion of people here that the gold bearing region of Western Kansas will prove hardly second to California. Time will tell.

Emigrants the present season come in much better prepared to rough it across the plains than they did last year. That is, most of those going out this year are capitalists, and employees of monied men. So we may look for less suffering even should the mines prove a failure.

The upper Missouri is open, and boats are now plying regularly up and down that crooked muddy stream. I have just returned from an up trip three hundred miles in length to the city of Omaha in Nebraska. I found that the people had hardly awakened from their Rip Van Winkle sleep of the long, dull winter months. But my letter is being spun out beyond patience or point I fear and so I will postpone any description of that trip to my next. Yours, fraternally, QUEO.

The Coalfield Railroad.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders in the Coalfields Road was held in Fayetteville on the 19th. 2953 shares were represented out of 3533, the whole number. A resolution was passed authorizing the President and Directors to extend the Road through the Coal-Fields and on to the North Carolina Road; and books were authorized to be re-opened to receive subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Company. The line is to be surveyed as soon as the means of the Company will justify it.

The Report of the President shows that the amount of Capital stock paid in is $313,660,98. State bonds loaned, $300,000. Bills payable and open accounts, $84,756,40. Transportation, $11,485,40. Total $709,902,76.

Cost of Road and real estate, so far, $649,-072,42. Bills receivable and accounts, $13,-319,16. Town and county Bonds and P. R. stock, $40,500,00. Cash on hand, $7,020,18.

The *Observer* says that 24 miles of the Road are finished and in use, the transportation upon it now realizing about the rate of $15,000 a year. The graduation of 6 miles more is completed, except half a mile. Over these the trains will pass by the 1st of June. The iron and most of the cross ties is on hand and it is expected that the Road will be completed to the coal fields at Evander McIver's, 41 miles, by the 1st of September. Considerable and unlooked for difficulties have been met with in the graduation of the line in the sand hills, which have protracted the work and increased the cost. Instead of loose sand to be excavated the toughest description of clay was found, with much quicksand. The excavations were so long and deep that but few hands could work in them to advantage, and the cost of graduation alone of the 10th mile was upwards of $25,000, and of five consecutive miles further on upwards of $80,000.

The Aurora Borealis and its Theory

The late brilliant auroras have called attention to De la Rive's theory of which we have formerly spoken, and which is explained at length in his *Traite d' Electricite*. Great perturbations were observed along the telegraphic lines over the European continent, similar to those remarked some years since by Matteucci in Tuscany, and Highton in England. The most remarkable fact in these electrical disturbances is that they were produced by a continuous current, while those of a thunderstorm are instantaneous, and only mark points upon the paper in Morse's apparatus: the auroras of the 29th August traced continuous lines of greater or less length. These effects lasted for several days after the aurora.

It is fortunate that the aurora of the 28th was carefully studied by a man so competent as Coulvier Gravier. This observer, who has studied the heavens for nearly 60 years, and has so much advanced the science of Cosmography and Meteorology, was found at night at his post in the observatory which the government prepared for him twenty years since at the Luxembourg palace. The phenomenon was in all its splendor at 2h 45m A. M.; its extent included more than 100° and M. Coulvier Gravier declares that he had never seen it more beautiful during the long period of his observations.

The observations during the late aurora support the theory of De la Rive, which he has thus defined. The vapors constantly rising from the sea, and especially from the equatorial regions carry with them to higher regions of the air a quantity of positive electricity, to which they serve as the vehicle, leaving the surface of the globe negatively electric. Borne to the poles by the currents which always prevail in the higher regions of the atmosphere a positive electric condition, which diminishes from above downwards. This positive electricity tends unceasingly to combine with the negative electricity of the earth, directly through the stratum of air, but more especially at the two poles, where the current of vapor carried by winds converge and are condensed.

According to Mr. De la Rive the aurora of the 29th August was a natural consequence of the great draught which had prevailed over the continent.—*Silliman's Journal for March.*

A POINT IN LAW SETTLED.

On Tuesday, Judge Hoffman, in the Superior Court, N. York, delivered an opinion strongly bearing on the right of legislative bodies to summon and compel the attendance of witnesses against all counter processes. The decision was given in the case of Wickelhausen against Willett, sheriff, for a technical escape by one J. D. Williamson, who had been taken out of his custody by virtue of a warrant issued by the Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1857. This question raised the point as to the jurisdiction of Congress over parties in the hands of a State or county officer.—Judge Hoffman decided that the power of Congress was controlling. That the warrant of the Speaker was equivalent to a writ of habeas corpus, and binding upon the sheriff, who, therefore, could not be held responsible for an escape under such circumstances. This is the second time in the history of the country that this question has been before the legal tribunals, and its determination settles a vexed question of parliamentary law.

BURNING OF THE STEAMBOAT PERSIA.

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 23.—The steamboat Persia, loading for Cincinnati, caught fire this evening and was towed into the stream, where she burned to the water's edge. Her cargo, which included 300 bales of cotton, was totally destroyed, on which there was an insurance of $5,000.

MARRIED.

In this county, on the the 8th inst., Mr. MARTIN L. CUD to Miss DELOSINA M. GARDNER.

In this county, on the 15th inst., JAMES S. POE to Miss MARY JANE BELL.

In this county, on the 22d inst., Mr. S. G. THOMPSON to Miss EMILY TROTT.

In Salem, on the 15th inst., Mr. WM. P. MENDENHALL, of this county, to Miss AUGUSTA O. KERN, of Nazareth, Penn.

In Winston, on the 23d inst., Mr. ALEX. R. GRIFFITH to Miss DELILAH P. STATON.

In Winston, on the 14th inst., Mr. J. H. MAXWELL to Miss LAURA F. YORK, of Rockford.

In Yadkin county, on the 12th inst., Mr. JAS. M. BRASON to Miss SARAH C. RINHART.

In Yadkin county, on the 12th inst., Mr. THOMAS SPOKE to Miss MARY M. RINHART.

In Yadkin county, on the 15th inst., Mr. W. T. HALCOMB to Miss M. M. STOKES.

In Davidson county, on the 17th inst., Mr. C. THOMPSON to Miss MARY WHITE.

In Jackson county, on the 17th February, Mr. JOHN CHASTEEN to Miss GIN-SEH, grand-daughter to Standing Wolf. [The first licensed marriage that has ever been solemnized among the Cherokees East.]

DIED.

In Chatham county, on the 17th inst., Miss CANDIS W. MCMANUS; aged 11 years.

In Duplin county, on the 14th inst., Mr. BRANTLY J. BROWN; aged 25 years.

In Moore county, on the 6th inst., Mr. JOHN A. JOHNSON; aged 48 years.

In Orange county, on the 11th inst., Mrs. ELIZABETH FAUCETT; aged 86 years.

In Wilmington, on the 23d inst., ELIZA EMMA, infant daughter of R. M. and J. A. Lain; aged 10 months.

In St. Croix, West Indies, on the 23d February, Mrs. AUGUSTA WARREN, of Fayetteville.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by B. L. Cole.

MARCH 27.

Bacon 12@13c, beef 10@5c, beeswax 25c, butter 15c, coffee 12@16c, candles, tallow 22@25c, adamantine 25@30c, sperm 40@45c, corn 90c, meal 90c, chickens 10@12c, eggs 8c, feathers 40c, flour $5@6, flaxseed 80c, hides, green 5c, dried 10c, hay 50c, lard 12½@15c, molasses 40c, nails 6½@6½c, oats 45@50c, peas, yellow 75c, white 90c; pork $7, rags 2½@3c, rice 7c, salt $2 25@2 50, sugar, brown 10@12½c, beef 15c, crushed 14c, clarified 15c; tallow 12½@13c, wheat 1.10@1.20.

Norfolk Market.

Reviewed weekly, by Rowland & Bros., Com. Merchants.

MARCH 22th.

FLOUR—Family 7,00, Extra 6,50, Superfine 6,00. Receipts from North Carolina and other sources are good. The supply on the market is equal to the demand. There are some sales making at our quotations for shipment.

WHEAT—Red and White 1.25@1.30. Receipts are light. Sales yesterday of a cargo of White at $1.30.

CORN—Mixed and White 75@77c., Yellow 76@77c. Arrivals are not heavy. The demand is good.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples 1.50; Peaches ½ bu. 40 lbs. 3.00@4.50 for peeled, 2.00@3.00 for unpeeled. Apples are in moderate supply, with sales. Bright peeled Peaches sell; dark lots are unsaleable; halved or unpeeled are wanted.

STAVES—Red Oak, hhd. $57, White hhd. $14, heading $50, bbl. $20. Sell as they arrive at our quotations.

COTTON—7½@8½c.

BOSWICK—6 6@7c.

FEATHERS—$1 30.

BACON—Western Shoulders 9c, Sides 11c.

PEAS—3 Eye 1.10@1.18.

Wilmington Market.

MARCH 24.

Turpentine—yellow dip 2.75, virgin 2.20, hard 1.60; Tar—per bbl. 2.05; Spirits—per gal. 42½c.; Rosin—per bbl. 310 lbs. 1.35; Cotton—middling 10½c., strict middling 10¾c., good middling 10¾c.; Timber—per M. feet $8.00.

Richmond Market.

MARCH 24.

Tobacco—new lugs 2.50@5.00, old lugs 4.00@6.00, leaf 5.50@7.00. Wheat—Red 1.50@1.55, white 1.45@1.50; Bacon—sides 11½c., shoulders 9½c., old hams 10@11c., new hams 11½c., sugar cured 12½@14½c.; Flour—superfine 6.00@6.50, extra 6.50@8.75; Corn—per bush. 75@80c.; Oats—per bush. 40@45c.

Petersburg Market.

MARCH 24.

Cotton—prime 10½c., stained 8@8½c., mixed 8¾@9¼c., fair to good 10@10½c.; Wheat—prime white 1.55, red 1.40; Tobacco—prime to common lugs 2.25@5.25., middling to fair 5.50@7.00, good 8.00, common leaf 4.50@5.50, middling 6.00@6.50, fair to good 7.50@10.00; Corn—75 bushel 70@75c.; Bacon—shoulders 9@9½c., sides 11@11½; Flour—city family 8.00@8.50.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.—Sir James Clark, physician to Queen Victoria, and one of the most learned and skilful men of the age, in his 'Treatise' on Consumption says "That Pulmonary Consumption admits of a cure, is no longer a matter of doubt: it has been clearly demonstrated by the researches of Laennec and other modern Pathologists." The mere fact that such a disease is ever curable, attested by such unimpeachable authority, should inspire hope, and reanimate fallen courage in the heart of every sufferer from this disease.

The remedy which we offer has cured thousands. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry not only emanates from a regular physician, but has been well tested in all the complaints for which it is recommended.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

TOWN ELECTION—An election will be held at the court-house in the town of Greensboro, on the 2d day of April, 1860, for Mayor and Commissioners.

M. D. SMITH,
J. F. JOLLY,
Judges of Election.

AGUE CURE.—This is something of a science as well as medicine. The supreme difficulty of the science is to accomplish its end without injury to the health—the supreme excellence of the medicine is in accomplishing just that. Fever and Ague has long been cured by Quinine, Arsenic, Bismuth, Mercury, but the mischief was, the deep and often painful footprints they have left on the constitutions treated by them. DR. AYER'S new remedy cures without a particle of either of these or any other deliterious substance. And he promises not only absolute safety but perfect certainty of cure, with which we may mention another quality of excellence not to be overlooked in these times, and that is his low price, which puts this crowning glory of his art within the reach of all.—*Herald, Lake Co., Ind.*

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. Sold by PORTER & GORRELL, Greensboro. march24-2m

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday.....March 31, 1860.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, } Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

F. W. CARUTHERS, D.D.,	GEO. W. COTHRAN,
WM. R. HUNTER,	R. G. STAPLES,
J. STARK HOLLOWAY,	STEPHEN F. MILLER,
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY,	Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL,
Mrs. MARY A. DENISON,	MATILDA C. SMILEY,
S. J. C. WHITTLESEY,	FINLEY JOHNSON,
MARY W. JANVRIN,	LOTTIE LINWOOD,
MILLIE E. PABOR,	CLARA AUGUSTA,
INA CLAYTON,	A. PERRY SPERRY,
C. C. DUNN,	Mrs. D. VERNON,
ANNA W. BATES,	PAUL HIVINWOOD,
GRACE MILWOOD,	Miss. G. W. LEVERT
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,	Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,	JULIA SOUTHALL,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,	Mrs. M. A. BEVAN,
GRIFFITH J. McREE, and others.	J. C. FITZ GERALD and others.

ANOTHER PRIZE STORY!

THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL!
THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL!
THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL!
THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL!
BY CLARA AUGUSTA,
BY CLARA AUGUSTA,
BY CLARA AUGUSTA,
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Commenced in THE TIMES, for the week ending 17th March. The committee awarded to THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL, for its superior excellence in plot and composition,

THE HIGHEST PRIZE,
THE HIGHEST PRIZE,
THE HIGHEST PRIZE,
THE HIGHEST PRIZE.

THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL has a complicated plot, revealing, in its thrilling delineations, life as it is. CLARA AUGUSTA is one of the first Story writers in America; her Stories are admired wherever read, for they elevate the mind of the reader to nobler aspirations and his heart to a holier life.

A few extra copies of THE TIMES will be printed to supply subscribers with back numbers; but to make sure of the copies, subscriptions should be immediately sent to

COLE & ALBRIGHT.
Greensboro, N. C.

Back Numbers.

We have repeated calls for the back numbers containing the "Partizan Chief," but, notwithstanding the large supply we printed, we have been out two weeks. We are now dating subscriptions from commencement of "The Lady of Atherton Hall." We print quite a number of extra copies of this story, yet the number is reducing very fast and by the time the story is finished not a copy will be on hand—if the demand continues to increase as it has the past few weeks. Those desiring to read this beautiful story will please remember this.

Commercial Agents.

Our New Orleans correspondent writes that a bill has been introduced into the State Legislature requiring Northern Commercial Agents who traverse that State, to obtain licences—Our correspondent says:—

"The Northern manufacturer now not only furnishes our merchants with a stock of goods, but by traveling agencies here—having no fixed place of business and no visible objects of taxation—comes in between them and their customers. In this city Northern agents hunt up all who buy in any considerable quantities, and contract to furnish on demand whatever is required, at wholesale prices. They visit private houses with samples—they fill the hotels with persons whose vigilance leaves no stranger without solicitation to buy.

"They make actual sales of hundreds of thousands of dollars of merchandise, realizing a handsome profit during a few months, all of which is for the benefit of New York, Boston, Newark, Salem or Lynn. The city trade is thus curtailed, and our home merchants suffer, while the capital that fills the city with supplies sold here escapes all taxation. But the evil is not confined to the business of the city. Wherever population is at all concentrated in the country, these commercial agents are to be found. Nay they visit plantations, contract for machinery, hard-ware, cotton and woolen goods, jewelry and other articles, giving time if necessary, to effect a transaction, and the very sources of business of our great commercial capital are thus undermined. The bill in question will put an end to all this. While it does not look to the exclusion of traffic with Northern houses, nor the levying of direct taxation upon Northern goods introduced into the State, by placing the capital which the commercial agents in question represent upon the same footing with that actually used by our own merchants, it destroys the advantages which the former passes over to the latter. It would perhaps be well if other southern states would follow the example of Louisiana in framing enactments like this, which promises large benefits to the resident merchants of our state."

PICCOLOMINI MARRIED AND SETTLED.

The last news from Europe will carry a thrill of sorrow through many a manly breast. To break the awful intelligence as gently as possible, we quote the following from a London paper:

Piccolomini is married. She sang on Saturday week at the Crystal Palace, and then left for Dublin, where the knot was tied. The happy possessor of the fascinating, singing bird is an Italian Prince, a Roman by birth, and a relative of one of the Cardinals. He does not, as in many instances, marry for the round sum realized by the vocalist, but is a man of some fortune—for Italy.

Dr. Lord's Letter on Slavery.

A dawning appreciation of the necessity of counteracting the baneful influence of fanaticism which has been so effectually operating upon the too credulous masses throughout the Northern States, is evidenced by the independence of thought expressed in the letter of President Lord, of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, the gist of which is as follows:

"Without a miracle, I see not but that slaves will yet be called for in New England, and by New England men—slaves having the attributes if not the name of slaves, and probably to worse condition than we now complain of in reference to the South. Why not, if our present government should last another eighty years? For the Yankees will not perform the menial work of life: they are above it now.—The imported free servants of Ireland and other countries will soon be infected with Yankee independence, and have the means of living above service labor, on their freehold! Then who will be our servants? Shall we have coolies or Africans to hew our wood and draw our water? And what form of government shall be over them but that which is adapted to their comparative rudeness and imbecility, and conservative of the general system. The children and grandchildren of our present Abolitionists may yet be the first to introduce harder serfdom than has yet been known, unless, indeed, they should themselves be compelled to sell themselves for bread, and suffer the proper chastisement of their fathers' sins for their rebellion against the government of God."

Mormonism in the Old Dominion.

Though it is not generally known in that section of the country, the Wheeling (Va) *Union* asserts that an association of Mormons not only exists but flourishes in one of the sections of Wheeling. The *Union* says:

They have been in successful operation for about a year, and have succeeded in converting forty or fifty of the citizens of that vicinity to the strange belief. On Sunday last five new members made an open declaration of "Joe Smith" principles, and took upon themselves the "duties" of Mormonism, by undergoing a process of immersion, publicly. They have an elder, and all the officials pertaining to the institution, and make it convenient to entertain traveling saints, Utah-bound. They are not, however, of the Brigham Young stripe, but strictly of the Joe Smith school, and consequently entertain but one wife each.

That Defunct Cable.

It has been a long time since we have had a single "current" from the defunct Atlantic Cable, and whether De Sauty has gone the way of all the earth or is still an inhabitant of this mundane sphere we are not advised. The cable, over which never passed a "current," lies "deep in the Ocean buried," while little fish and big waves spout above it. But it seems that its ghost is to be resuscitated. The Washington States of a late date, has the following:

The operations for raising the Atlantic cable will be commenced, probably, in May at Newfoundland, it being believed that the fault lies within three or four miles of this coast and the expenses will not exceed $10,000 which would be amply covered by the recovery of even a portion of the cable. The second fault is believed to be situated at a distance of not more than 180 or 200 miles (length of cable) from Valencia, instead of 270 miles, as previously supposed. The actual distance from the shore to the point in question is presumed to be only about 100 miles. It is proposed to manufacture a new cable about 100 miles long, and to splice it on the part where the main fault exists previously ascertaining a perfect communication exists with the shore. Even should the expedition not succeed in its main object of making the cable speak again, a large quantity of the old cable may be recovered.

ATTEMPT TO DESTROY A TOWN.

The inhabitants of Napoleon, Ark, have been considerably excited during the past few days by the discovery of a plot to destroy that town by means of turning upon it the current of the Arkansas river. Napoleon is situated on a narrow strip of land at the junction of the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers, and for several miles back the two rivers are only separated by a strip of ground about four hundred yards in width. A week or two since a train of powder was laid across this narrow point, and Monday night the match was applied. A terrific explosion ensued, and the earth was torn up to an extent which allowed the water from the Arkansas river to find its way across into the Mississippi. Already has a strong current formed in the breach, which is hourly widening and deepening, and from present indications at no distant period the town will be swept away. A planter in the vicinity whose interest would be greatly enhanced by the change in the current of the Arkansas river, is suspected of having perpetrated the deed, but nothing positive is known.—*Memphis Argus.*

SPONGE CAKE.

One coffeecupful of sugar, one coffeecupful of flour, six eggs, the whites beaten to a stiff froth, and the yolks beaten with sugar until very light, mix all together and beat well and bake immediately.

The Book Department.

Being a Record of recent American Publications.

THE BOOK OF POPULAR SONGS: being a compendium of the best Sentimental, Comic, Negro, Irish, Scotch, National, Patriotic, Military, Naval, Social, Convivial and Pathetic Songs, Ballads and Melodies,—as sung by the most celebrated opera and ballad singers, negro minstrels and comic vocalists of the day. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans publisher.

This is a neat volume of 320 pages, containing at least *four hundred songs*. We have read the book with interest, for it is the embodiment of all the songs that have acquired any celebrity. Many of the songs have the notes attached, so that those not familiar with them can learn to sing them right. We think it would be difficult to find any man, be he ever so particular, whose taste could not be suited in this book. Mr. Evans' books are well bound and neatly printed, and, as an inducement to purchasers, he always gives a present with every book he sells—some of which are worth more than is paid for the book.

We will make a few selections, and endeavor not to bring to notice those songs which have already become favorites, but songs we think worthy of consideration.

From the Sentimental we will take the following, which has the notes:

SOME ONE TO LOVE.

Some one to love in this wide world of sorrow.
Some one whose smile will efface the sad tear:
Some one to welcome the light of to-morrow.
Some one to share it when sunshine is here.
Oh! the world is a desert amid all its pleasures,
And life seems bereft of the only true zest.
If we fail in possessing with all its proud treasures.
The best of all blessings, some dear kindred breast.
Some one to love, &c.

Some one to love whose affection will cherish
The sweet bud of hope when 'tis blighted with care:
Some faithful heart that will ne'er let it perish
By sinking deeper in depths of despair.
'Tis an angelic radiance, a beacon to guide us,
Resembling those lamps that are shining above,
'Tis a guardian from heaven, a light to decide us,
Teaching us lessons of wisdom and love.
Some one to love, &c.

From the songs of the Soldier:

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

Tune.—Oft in the stilly night.

March to the battle field.
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is freedom's shield,
And heaven is smiling o'er us.
The woes and pains,
The galling chains,
That kept our spirits under,
In proud disdain,
We've broke'n again,
And tore each link asunder.
March to the, &c.

Who, for his country brave,
Would fly from her invader?
Who, his base life to save,
Would, traitor-like, degrade her?
Our hallow'd cause,
Our Lome and laws,
'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
We'll gain a crown
Of bright renown,
Or die—our rights maintaining!
March to the, &c.

From the songs of the Farm, (accompanied by the notes):

THE REAPER ON THE PLAIN

Bending o'er his sickle
'Mid the yellow grain,
Lo! the sturdy reaper
Reaping on the plain;
Singing as the sickle,
Gathers to his hand,
Rustles in its ripeness,
The glory of his land.
Mark the grain before him,
Swaying in the wind,
And the even gavel,
Following behind,
Bound in armful bundles,
Standing one by one,
The yester' mornin's labor
Ripens in the sun.

Long I've stood and pondered,
Gazing from the hill,
While the sturdy reaper
Sung and labored still:
Reading o'er his sickle
'Mid the yellow grain,
Happy and contented
Reaping on the plain.
And as upon my journey
I leave the maple tree,
Thinking of the difference
Between the man and me,
I turn again to see him
Reaping on the plain.
And almost wish my labor
Were the sickle and the grain

From the songs of the Sea and Navy

THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,
It was midnight on the waters,
And the storm was o'er the deep,
'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the trumpet thunder,
"Cut away the mast!"

We shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death,
Sad thus we sat in silence,
All busy with our prayers,
"We're lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took the icy hand,
"Is not God upon the waters,
Just the same as on the land?"
Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke of better cheer,
As we anchored safe in harbor,
When the sun was shining clear

Chorus—
And a shout rose loud and joyous,
As we grasped the friendly hand,
God is upon the waters,
Just the same as on the land.

We will close this book with the following selection from the Comic songs, although satisfied we have not been able, for want of space, to do the work justice:

PHILOSOPHY; OR TWO SIDES OF THE WAY.

Air.—Judy's Black Eyes.

'Tis a folly to think of life's troubles,
There's always two sides of the way:
If one be in the shade the chance doubles,
The other looks cheerful and gay.
We know it looks sad to be sighing,
Yet there's good in it, wisdom decides;
For the man who with grief thinks he's dying,
With laughter will ne'er crack his sides.
'T is a folly, &c.

If a man all his teeth chance to lack,
He's sure they will give him no pain;
If a man has no coat to his back,
He's sure it won't spoil with the rain.
If a man has no money to mind,
He may save the expense of a purse;
And if a man's perfectly blind,
He's sure that his sight won't grow worse.
'Tis a folly, &c.

If a man has but one shirt at most,
There's no trouble to think which he'll use;
And the man who's as deaf as a post,
Will never hear unwelcome news.
If light-headed, why still we are right,
For there's comfort to think it not madness;
And the man who gets drunk day and night,
He never will feel sober sadness.
'Tis a folly, &c.

To be without hands, though no blessing,
Thus some good economy proves:
Though awkward we find it when dressing,
We ne'er can be in want of new gloves
To be without legs, though queer talking,
We can ne'er break our shins, it is plain;
For the man who's no feet to go walking,
Won't be troubled with chilblains again.
'Tis a folly, &c.

If but little your own you can call,
'Tis quite certain but little you'll pay;
And if you've got nothing at all,
You're sure they won't take it away.
Strange stories may find new upholders,
But one thing you'll grant, which is that,
If a man has no head on his shoulders,
He won't care a fig for a hat.
'Tis a folly &c.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Will the South be Idle?

BY LELA.

Or shall fanaticism prevail? Shall the brilliant and serpent-tongued orators of the North spread wide and far their venom without one answering voice from this peaceful land of their indianation? Shall we be withered and crushed like the roses of our clime that are constantly yielding to time their delicate petals, to fall away before the swift blast of some sweeping wind; or shall we rise like the giant oak in its magnificent swayings that withstand the whirlwinds and do battle with the warring elements? Action, action, let it be the motto of the South. Let hands and hearts go forth in her behalf! Our first duty is toward ourselves. Let us build up our own Literature! *Let the South study the South!* Let not idleness prevail to such an extent that ease shall be preferred to interest! Home, the dearest word in the english language, calls upon its sons and daughters to vindicate its household! To protect its character from misrepresentation, from wrong, from calumny and animadversion. Shall this be the land of oppression—the iron hand of *might* to set its hard unyielding imprints upon our hearthstones, stealthily, slowly, but *surely*; and we awake from our slumbering to follow a bloody path which will lead us through broken and deserted homes! Or shall our voices break forth with the cry of Injustice and Privation, till the whole world shall resound with the echo, bringing Truth and Justice to our side, with millions to defend her cause.

Shall the brilliant *ignus-fatuus*, that rises to deceive and lure away by its false light weak minds into a belief of its vitality, assume a *reality*, and become a beacon light that shall win others on, 'till all shall become ablaze and our beautiful land the scenes of brotherly quarrels. Alas, could brother war with brother? Upon *us here at home* depends the decree. "Why die ye here idle?" Let the tongues of ten thousand orators rise and hurl back the foul and unjust aspersions! *Let our rights and our homes be vindicated!*

The Washington Monument.

In the Alexandria *Gazette* we find an appeal in behalf of this great work. The writer very properly remarks:

"Within the suburbs of the capital of the United States, rests the foundation of a structure, which, if ever completed, will be the admiration of the world and future generations—This structure is to commemorate the birth, deeds and virtues of him who is deservedly honored with the title "Pater Patriæ."

"What man is more worthy of the admiration and respect of mankind, than George Washington? Why is it, that the country which gave him birth, is so indifferent about decorating the city bearing his name, with buildings representing the affections of the people at large. It surely is not on account of their avariciousness! No! Only because their minds are not fully awakened to the propriety of the case.

"There is not a single person within the borders of our country, but what would give something towards the completion of the Monument now under way, if a suitable opportunity was presented for them to do so. I have thought of a plan, which if carried out, I am confident will meet with success; and it being my desire to lay it before the public, is why I pen these feeble lines.

"As the time is now drawing nigh for our quadrennial election, I suggest that, in all the wards of the cities, and at every voting place in the country, there be a box placed in such a position that each voter (if he desires it) can drop his dime, or any amount he chooses; and the judges of election, or some suitable persons, be appointed to take in charge the money and forward it to the proper person. I leave this for others to promulgate throughout the land."

Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

HOW TO KEEP MEN AT HOME.

Experience is a dear and often a sad school, as exemplified in the following remarks, furnished by a correspondent to a morning paper of a recent date. He says:

"There would be fewer wretched marriages, fewer dissipated, degraded men, if women were taught to feel the angel duty which devolves on them, to keep the wandering steps of those who are tempted so much more than they, in the paths of virtue and peace—to make them feel that in the busy world are noise and confusion; that at home there is order and repose, that their 'eyes look brighter' when they come; that the smile of welcome is ever ready to receive them—the work, the books are ever ready to be laid aside to the husband's pleasure;—they would find amusement then at home, nor strive to seek it elsewhere. And not alone to the higher classes of society should this be taught; it should be a lesson instilled into the minds of all—high and low, rich and poor. Fewer heart-broken wives, weeping and scolding, would stand waiting at the doors of public houses, to lead the unsteady steps of their drunken husbands home, if that room had offered a room as cheerful, a fire as bright, a welcome as ready and cordial as at the tap-room they frequent. Duty has seldom so strong a hold on men as women; they cannot, will not, for duty's sake, remain in a dull, tedious, or ill-managed, quarrel-some home, but leave it to seek elsewhere the comfort and amusement which fails them there; and when riot and revelry have done their work, the wives and sisters, who have done so little to make them otherwise, are pitied for their bad husbands and brothers."

HOME EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

In no respect, perhaps, have Americans declined more from the condition of their fathers, than in the too frequent neglect of that we will call the home education of children. We presume it is unnecessary, in this age of general enlightenment, to state the obvious fact that education is as much moral as intellectual. Now, in the days of our fathers, the former received more attention relatively than the latter; whereas, in the present age, the latter is cared for to the greatest degree. Nor is this all.—Thousands of parents, instead of inculcating at home the virtues requisite to make the child happy, honored and successful in life, leave these things to be acquired at Sunday schools, in the public academies, or by chance. Yet never, in either of these ways, can a child's moral education, using that word in its most comprehensive sense, be properly conducted.

NEW METHOD OF MAKING BREAD.

Tie up one and a half pounds of rice in a thick bag, leaving room for swelling, boil for three hours, or until it becomes a perfect paste; mix it with fourteen pounds of flour, add the usual quantities of yeast and salt. Knead and bake as other bread. This new French method makes bread that will keep moist and sweet longer than that made in the usual way.

POTATO BREAD.

Boil half a peck of potatoes and mash fine, and press through a cullender. The potatoes should be put into boiling water with a little salt to boil, instead of being put into a kettle of cold water. Use seven pounds of flour, and all the other materials as in the recipe for wheat bread, and make in the same way. This will make six loaves instead of four, to be managed and baked in the same way. Once kneading for all bread will do, but more, as recommended above, makes fine and white bread.

BROWN BREAD.

This is made of equal quantities of corn meal and rye or wheat flour; or of one part flour to two of meal, as you prefer. Scald the meal, and when lukewarm, mix in the flour, with one pint of yeast, a gill of molasses, and tablespoon even full of salt, to every four quarts of the mixture of flour and meal. This bread should be made much softer than common bread, and the water used after scalding the meal should be only lukewarm. This should be baked much longer than other bread.

CORN BREAD

is made in a variety of ways. At the St. Charles hotel, New Orleans, it is prepared by beating two eggs very light, mixing with a pint of sour milk, and a teaspoonful of soda, stirring in one pint of corn meal, and a tablespoonful of melted butter. These are stirred well together, and baked in a cake-pan, in a quick oven. Butter and sweet milk will do instead of sour milk. This bread is also very good without the eggs.

That called *Virginia Corn Bread*, is made by dissolving one tablespoonful of butter in three and a half pints of boiling milk, in this scald one quart of corn meal; after cooling, add half a pint of wheat flour, a spoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, and two well-beaten eggs. Mix well and bake in two cakes.

BUTTER CRACKERS.

Four ounces butter rubbed into one pound of flour and a teaspoonful of salt; when it becomes like sand add water enough to moisten it and make it adhere; beat smooth with a rolling-pin, roll thin, cut in small cakes, or make into small crackers: place these on tins in a quick oven, fifteen minutes. Crackers, size of a dollar piece, and one-third of an inch thick.

CARROTS.

These pickled as beets are wholesome.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Spirit's Bride.

BY MABEL LANSING.

I saw thee in my dreams,
Beneath the moon's pale beams
Methought thou camest to me;
Though for three long years,
In silence and in tears,
I've mourned for thee.

As when we used to meet,
My troubled heart did beat,
And th' lily chang'd to red;
Yes, th' lily on my cheek,
My joy, my looks did speak,
As they did in time that's fled.

And we roam'd th' same bow'rs,
That we did in vanished hours,
When my heart was light and free
As th' joyous bird of song,
That sings the whole day long;
And blest as angels e'er could be.

But ah! full soon I woke,
And oh, the bitter stroke!
I was not by thy side,
But friendless and alone,
Without even a home,—
Yet still thy spirit's bride.

For though the willows wave,
Above thy lonely grave,
And unknown ones did keep,
Watch by thy dying bed,
And held thy aching head,
While I was not by thee to weep.

Thy spirit's always near,
As if to soothe and cheer
My lone and weary way;
And in the silent night,
When moon and stars are bright,
Thy presence turns my night to day;

For not e'en th' changeless gloom,
Of the dark and silent tomb,
Can keep thee from the side
Of the maiden fond and true,
Who when her life was new,
Became thy spirit's bride.

I see thee in my dreams
Beneath the moon's pale beams.
Thou often comest to me,
Though for three long years,
In silence and in tears,
I've mourned for thee.

Prize Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL!

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER VI.

Maplewood.

"The old, old sea; as one in tears,
Comes murmuring with its foamy lips—"
READE.

THE family mansion of Mr. Winthrop stood on a high bluff of land, some forty rods from the coast. It was a wildly picturesque situation, commanding a glorious view of the long reach of Cape Cod, and the gleaming bosom of Massachusetts Bay.

The house was a large, old, rambling structure, brightened by modern additions; and fortified on all sides by innumerable piazzas, balconies, and verandahs, which overlooked the bleak shores of Plymouth.

The whole spacious interior was fitted up in a style of grandeur rarely seen on this side the Atlantic, and the room appropriated to Winifred was, in itself, a miracle of magnificence. It was the entire size of an octagonal tower, on the west wing of the mansion; and its southern windows opened upon the superb garden, and shrubberies, which were Mr. Winthrop's especial pride.

The walls of this *boudoir* were hung with pictures, by the old masters, in frames of carved rosewood; the floor was covered with an exquisite pattern of crimson flowers on a ground of pale brown velvet. The chairs and sofas were coverd with the costliest *velours de Venice*, and the heavy silken curtains were looped back with bands of enamelled gold.—The work-table, mantle-piece, and *etageres*, were all inlaid with pearl—rare specimens of work, imported from a foreign country.

There were books in elegant bindings, and clasps of gold, but Winifred shuddered as she looked upon the gilded pages. These were volumes of her husband's choice, and for the first time, she came to the knowledge that she had wedded an infidel! one who denied the existence of a God, and believed in no principles of the Christian religion!

In exquisite caskets though these books were held, their contents were a poison, and Winifred, brought up as she had been in the strict tenets of a Protestant church, abhored the sight of these tokens of infidelity. She cast them, all together, into a cabinet, closed and locked the door, and flung the key far out of the window.

Mr. Winthrop entered the chamber, a moment after; his eye fell upon the table where the books had lain—he missed them, but made no inquiry for their fate.

"How does the arrangement of Mrs. Winthrop's apartment please her?" he asked.

"Mr. Winthrop has taken unnecessary care in its appointments," she replied, "the prisoned bird does not mind whether its cage be gold, or iron."

Mr. Winthrop smiled—his teeth glistening whitely through his black moustache.

"The bird will beat its wings until from sheer weariness it becomes content!"

A disdainful curl wreathed Winifred's lips but she vouchsafed no other reply, and with a bow of intense respect, he left her alone.

Winifred's life at Maplewood was like that of many another proud, beautiful woman, wedded to a man without love.

The house was always filled with distinguished guests, for Mr. Winthrop stood high in the social and political world; and eminent statesmen, poets, artists, and orators, made up the coterie of his personal friends. And through them all, Winifred moved the acknowledged queen.

The splendor of her attire, the brilliancy of her jewels, and the perfect style of her beauty made her the envy of her own sex, and the admiration of the other.

In truth, she was well fitted to preside over the establishment of Mr. Winthrop; and in all the circle of that gentleman's acquaintance, he knew of no lady whom he would have preferred to install in the place of his wife.

Mrs. Winthrop was seldom alone with her husband, and then there was no confidence, no communion of spirit between them. They were oil and water—the one had no affinity for the other.

In all things, Winifred studied to obey him; his slightest wishes were her laws; she had said to herself, that, in expiation of her weakness in yielding to an unsought love, she would be to Mr. Winthrop a true, faithful and obedient wife. She felt for him no affection—therefore, she was cold and calm towards him, and his demeanor to her partook of the same haughty indifference.

In one thing, only, did she defy him. When he requested her to give up her attendance at church—a wild and fanatical proceeding of which he did not approve—she replied—no; Mr. Winthrop might do as he chose concerning his belief; but as for her, so long as she lived, she would worship God after the manner of her ancestors.

And looking into her sternly flashing eyes, and flinty face, he knew that it would not be safe to urge the matter

Two years of this desolate existence passed away; and outwardly, Winifred was unchanged, save that her loveliness had been ripened and perfected. Envied, admired, and flattered as she was, not an hour of happiness had she known since the doors of Atherton Hall had closed behind her, when she had gone forth, a bride.

The name of Gerard Middleton never passed her lips; she kept her thoughts from wandering after him with jealous care; but close to her breast, hidden in a golden casket, she wore a cluster of dead arbutus flowers—*his* first and only gift.

Winifred Winthrop's twentieth birthday approached; it arrived at length, the air fragrant with spring's sweet blossoms—but there was no feasting, and joy, at Maplewood. A night of wild doubt and anxiety—at times of dismay—drew on: but with the morning light there came surcease.

Mrs. Winthrop was the mother of a fine boy.

The father's delight was unspeakable. For the first time in his life a thrill warmer than admiration swept through his being for his wife, because she had brought to him this great blessing.

A son to bear his proud name, to inherit his vast fortune, to keep up the honor of his ancient family! Maplewood was thrown open to festivals of rejoicing. Wild, hilarious laughter echoed around the lofty halls—lamps flashed—red wine flowed, and in her darkened chamber languished Winifred—struggling with life only that she might enjoy it with her precious child.

It was strange to see how her proud heart softened and grew tender as an angel's, towards that little helpless babe. When she was able to rise, she would sit for hours, the infant lying on her lap, gazing into its soft dark eyes, and twisting its silken hair around her white fingers. The servants said that their lady idolized the child: and so it seemed, for never upon any account would she permit it to sleep away from her breast; and no amusement was powerful enough to win her from the care of her son.

Mr. Winthrop named the boy William after its paternal grandfather; but Winifred shortened it to Willie—the word had a sweeter sound, she said.

Strongly as she was attached to Willie, her love met with a full return. Before he was three months old, he had learned to love her sheltering arms above any other resting place. He wailed piteously when taken away from her, but for a moment; and when a year had passed over his bright hair, and he had begun to toddle carefully about from one thing to another, he would never quit the protecting clasp of her hand, when there were strangers in the room. He seemed to shrink from his father; and would kiss no one but Winifred, either for threats or persuasion.

What wonder, then, that the mother's isolated heart clung to him with incredible strength? What wonder that a love full and strong, like that of her lost dream, surged in her bosom for this, her first and only born?

* * * * * *

Tidings long deferred, and seriously expected, came at last. The canvass for a Senator to Congress from the District in which Mr. Winthrop resided, had been a close and laborious one—but it was over at length, and Milfred Winthrop was the successful candidate. His name was enrolled among the Honorables of his country; there was a seat in Congress Hall at Washington, waiting for his occupancy.

He was proud of the issue—he announced it to his wife with extreme satisfaction.

"Mrs. Winthrop, you are a Senator's wife!"

She bowed her head over her child, and said in reply—

"Very well, Mr. Winthrop."

Three months spent in preparation, and then the senator and his lady set out for Washington. Winifred had hoped to be left at home: but no, Mr. Winthrop was proud of her royal beauty, and this pride could only be gratified by the display of his treasure. So to the gay Capital, the young mother and her child were carried.

An elegant mansion on Madison Square, received them; and in those roomy, drawing-rooms Mrs. Winthrop held receptions, unequaled in brilliancy and *dessein* by those of the President himself.

The resplendent beauty, and regal bearing of Mrs. Winthrop, were the constant themes of Washington society; the *je ne sais quoi* of her grace, and the statuesque repose of her perfect features, filled every beholder with admiration.

The Spanish minister raved of her eyes—so like those of fair Castillian maidens, the French *Charge d' Affaires* declared she reminded him of *La Impératrice, belle Josephine;* and the haughty Lord A—— be-towed upon her the highest compliment in his power;—he said, she should have been an Englishwoman.

Once, and once only, during the season, had the long silent chords of buried love been stirred in Winifred's bosom.

A party of inspection was despatched to Baltimore, by the Administration, to examine some water works there, which were complained of as defective. Some of the gentlemen took their ladies along with them, and Mrs. Winthrop accompanied Senator G—— and his wife.

It was a beautiful day in early summer, and Winifred wandered off a little way from her party, and found herself standing upon the quay, from whence a steamer was just about to sail for Europe. She glanced listlessly at the passengers, and was about turning away, when an unaccountable thrill shot through her being. She could not explain it—this seeming return of old memories and emotions which she had believed long since in ashes.

Some person brushed hastily past her. She lifted her eyes—the gentleman's firm step sounded on the connecting plank; his dark hair was tossed by the fresh ocean breeze, and for one little moment the stalwart form of Gerard Middleton daguerreotyped itself against the clear sky!

Then, the bell sounded; the moorings were cast off, and the gallant barque steamed rapidly down the Chesapeake.

Winifred entered the shipping office, and looked over the list of passengers. The first line was filled with what she had expected.

"Gerard Middleton, from Boston to Havre, *via* Liverpool and Portsmouth."

The same continent no longer held them both; in a few short days, the ocean would roll broad and blue between them.

CHAPTER VII.

The Mysterious Visitant.

"'A jolly place,' said he, 'in times of old—,
But something ails it now: the place is curst."
WORDSWORTH.

THE August heats were approaching, but Congress had not yet concluded its session.—An unusual press of business, still detained the august body at the metropolis; but most of the members' families had left the town, for some rural place of resort.

Winifred began to languish for the cool air of the country, and Mr. Winthrop proposed that she should spend a few weeks at Newport or the Virginia Springs. To this, she objected; she wanted rest and quiet rather than a mere change of excitement; some retired place in the country would answer every purpose.—She had heard much of the fine natural scenery of Rappahanoch County, and she had taken a fancy to spending the remainder of the summer in some little town, or hamlet, of that mountainous region.

At mention of this retreat, Winthrop from some cause grew strangely agitated; he turned red and pale; took a few paces toward his wife, fiercely enough, and peremptorily forbade her again referring to what he termed, an abominable plan.

She asked his reasons for this course of conduct—he replied that it was sufficient that he objected. And for the time, the subject dropped.

Directly, Mr. Winthrop obtained leave of absence, and took a journey into the interior of the state. When he returned, he declared that his objections to Rappahanoch County were removed; his business had called him into that section, and he had found the place all that would be desired for a pleasant summer residence. So well had he been pleased with it, that he had engaged an old mansion a few miles beyond Warrenton—close to the Blue Ridge—and fitted it up for his wife's occupancy. "Bellemont," so the place was called, had been a fine old estate he said, but the family to which it had belonged, were mostly among the dead, and Bellemont had been sadly neglected of late.

Mr. Winthrop had engaged a trusty old negro and his wife, to preside over the establishment; and this couple, with Jack the coachman, and Tinny, the cook, would comprise the kitchen household. Mrs. Winthrop might take with her as many attendants as she chose.

Winnifred thanked him, and immediately commenced her preparations for leaving Washington. Two days afterward, she set forth; her favorite waiting girl, Rosy, and Mr. Winthrop, accompanying her. The gentleman, after seeing her safely installed at Bellemont, bade her a courteous farewell, and went back to his Congressional duties.

Bellemont was a wild spot, in the near vicinity of the lofty hills known as the Blue Ridge. It was thickly wooded with fir trees of a stunted growth; and half the plantation was covered with huge boulders which the spring floods, from time to time, had rolled down from the mountains.

The old mansion was dreary and weird enough for any tale of darkness which might be related of it. It was a house where men had lived and died; and one of our noblest poets says, that all such are haunted houses.

The rooms were low, and dark from the creeping vines which covered the windows; the wainscots were black with age, and rotten and worm-eaten in many places. The chambers were mostly hung with tapestry, faded and mouldy; and the furniture, all of dark oak, must have belonged to another generation.

A large portion of the house was uninhabitable; but in the north wing, facing the mountains, three apartments on the first floor had been fitted up, not only comfortably, but luxuriously. The sleeping room of Winifred and her child, was a cosy, cheerful place; its high, narrow windows commanded a view of the wild hills; and Winifred only regretted that the basement was, at that point, so very high as to preclude all idea of getting to the ground from the spacious balcony.

She thought she would like to have gone out, for her walks, from this room, rather than to be obliged to traverse the whole length of a gloomy corridor among the ruins, to reach the hall door.

Bellemont was the property of a family by the name of Brandon—the only remaining member of which was far away. This was all the information that Winifred could obtain by questioning Aunt Phillis, who was remarkably taciturn for one of her class.

One apartment, rescued from the general decay by recent repairs, was a very Blue Beard's chamber to the fancy of Winifred. It was much like the other rooms in its vicinity, save that across the windows were strong bars of iron; and the doors were secured with treble bolts upon the outside. There was no fire-place, or other convenience for warmth, and the walls were covered with thick green baize.

She asked Phillis what this room had been used for.

"De parlor, like 'nough—" that worthy said.

"But the bars across the windows? and the green baize?" Winifred continued interrogatively.

"Bars to keep the owls out, and green cloth good for bad eyes, I 'spect. Seems to me missis is mighty 'quisitive!"

And with this reasonable solution of the green room mystery, Winifred was obliged to content herself.

The hours passed away pleasantly enough at Bellemont, save that the mistress had too much time for thought She was free of Mr. Winthrop;—free to enjoy undisturbed the society of her darling child, now a beautiful boy of more than two years, but in spite of this sweet satisfaction, she found herself constantly recurring to those days when Gerard Middleton sat by her side, and read his lessons in obedience to her command, in the dear old parlor at Atherton Hall.

Mrs. Winthrop sat in her chamber, one August night; little Willie slumbering in a cr.b by her side, Rosy in bed in the adjoining room, and all around hushed to profound stillness. It had been one of those languorous, sultry days peculiar to ripe summer—and the dull, torpid atmosphere invited repose. The lamp burned dimly, a house fly droned lazily on the window; and Winifred, acted upon by surrounding influences sank back in her chair, and fell asleep.

She was awakened by some strange sound. The lamp had gone out, but the starlight streamed faintly into the room. A figure was between this light and Winifred, a strange, horrible figure with eyes like live coals, and long hair, white as snow, streaming down to the floor. The shape stood beside the bed of little Willie; one skinny hand extended, grasping a glittering knife; the other held back the delicately embroidered silk of the coverlet!

A wild, demoniac ha! ha! ha! burst from the creature's lips, as Winifred sprang up and confronted her. She seemed to melt away, by some invisible agency; and the terror-stricken mother was alone with her child.

Recovering herself by a powerful effort Winifred searched the room with the strictest scrutiny—she left no nook, nor corner, unexamined. She looked to the doors and windows; they were securely fastened, and yet she had a visitor.

It was not a dream, she knew that. It was something real and tangible, yet of what nature? She did not believe in supernatural appearances, she was not superstitious, and yet a cold, shuddering thrill ran through her as she held her babe to her breast.

But she resolved to say nothing to any one of this singular occurrence; Rosy was exceedingly timid, and the negroes were superstitious; they would be afraid to remain in the house, if they once got wind of the idea that the place was haunted, and she had no wish to be left alone. So she kept silent and watchful.

August drew to a close. The middle of September, Mr. Winthrop was to leave Bellemont, and return, to pass the time, until the winter session of Congress, at Maplewood.

She had taken a long walk that bright summer day, and being weary, she went to her bed earlier than usual. Willie had coaxed mamma to lie down and tell him a story; and for some time the two had been locked in slumber. Willie's head lay nestled to his mother's bosom—her bright, soft curls mingling with the brown rings around his full white forehead.

Winifred slept uneasily—a sense of insecurity had oppressed her all the day; and the touch of some cold substance upon her face aroused her. She knew not what this substance was, but it struck a chill to her heart. She lifted her hand to push it away, and that wild "ha! ha! ha!" heard once before, burst on the air.

Winifred sprang from the couch—the same demon face with its terrible eyes and snow-white hair, hovered above her; the same savage teeth, with the blood red lips drawn tightly away from them, glittered before her. Winifred bounded forward, and seizing the heavy bronze candlestick, hurled it at the intruder. The light went out as the missile fell—there was a dull dead sound, as of the closing of a great door—and then, the silence of death fell upon the room.

Willie slept quietly in bed, and Winifred stood alone in the centre of the floor.

CHAPTER VIII.

Through the Shadow of Death.

"Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name?
The same fair form and gently beaming eye?
Lovelier in Heaven's sweet climate; yet the same!"
BRYANT.

IT was a horrible mystery. Winifred longed yet trembled, to fathom it.

She hoped not to be obliged to ask for aid. She would rather encounter all the danger—if danger there were—and run all the risks.

Night followed night, and during the dark hours, the determined woman never closed her eyes. What little rest she had was taken by day, when the household was astir, and Rosy awake to take charge of the child.

Among other athletic exercises, Winifred had been taught the use of fire-arms, by an Uncle who had served in the war, and won by his bravery the rank of Colonel. In a sportive moment Mr. Atherton had presented to his daughter a case of pistols, and these little desperate weapons had been for years in the false bottom of her traveling trunk. Now, she took them out; loaded the barrels carefully, and placed them on the stand by her bedside; resolved, that if she should again be favored with a visit from the mysterious fiend which had twice appeared to her, to try the effect of cold lead upon it.

But it did not seem likely that her courage would be tested. Time passed on without variation, and but two nights more remained, until Winifred was to leave Bellemont. The next day she must spend in packing, and wearied and drowsy, Winifred threw herself, without undressing, upon the lounge, to catch a few moments' repose before the depth of the night should come She knew that she should need all her strength for the morrow's labors. She gave Rosy imperative orders to remain awake, until she called to her: and the girl, seated in a chair before the fire, with an entertaining novel in her hand, readily promised obedience.

Winifred soon fell asleep, for she was very weary; and she knew nothing more till she heard the hall clock striking one! She put out her arm to clasp her child—he was not by her side—he was gone! Rosy must have taken him up, she said to herself, by way of assurance.

She flew to the side of the girl—Rosy was sound asleep. Where was Willie; the distracted mother demanded in a frenzy of suspense. Rosy had not seen him since she had lain him down on the couch by his mother!

Oh, but those who called Mrs. Winthrop cold and passionless, should have seen her then! An enraged lioness, deprived of her young, could not have been more fearful in her rage than she! She roused the whole household—searched the mansion with mad haste; and went, herself, into the deepest recesses of the mouldy cellars and cobwebbed arches. In vain was all her troubled effort—the missing Willie was not found! The grounds and neighborhood must be examined—turned upside down, and disemboweled—she could not wait till morning; she would not remain inactive, and her child, perhaps, being murdered!

Flambeaux were lighted, and the terrified negroes, led on by that determined woman, searched every dell and dingle: and hovel in the vicinity. Slaves from the nearest plantation turned out and joined them, their quick sympathies awakened by the cry—"Mrs. Winthrop's child has been stolen!"

A lad was despatched post haste to Washington, with orders to spare no time in reaching Mr. Winthrop, and bringing him to Bellemont.

All day the search went on; Winifred, pale but firm, leading the van, and returning at nightfall, only to see if her husband had arrived.

Mr. Winthrop came at sundown. A more wildly despairing man was never seen. His face was shrouded in an unearthly pallor—his thin lips were white as those of a corpse—and his eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets. A couple of miles behind, his horse had fallen dead under him, unable to endure the speed at which he was ridden; and the fresh animal, which he had procured at Warrenton, was bathed in foam.

Mr. Winthrop grasped his wife rudely by the arm, and demanded to be told the particulars. Coldly and briefly—she revealed all to him, keeping nothing back.

He struck his forehead with his clenched hand.

"Great God!" he cried madly—"it is as I had thought! Oh, fool! fool! that I was to consent to have my innocent child brought to the cursed place where *she* drew breath! I might have known—but oh, heaven, how fearfully am I punished!"

He turned to the gaping negroes—

"Saddle the fleetest horse in the stable, and you, Jack, get upon the other and follow me over the mountains! I must reach Woodstock before daybreak!"

Winifred would have accompanied the horsemen; on the coach horse, but Mr. Winthrop thrust both her and her maid into a chamber, and bolted the door upon them!

Who can imagine the feelings of the wretched mother while thus incarcerated? Who can paint the agony which surged in a mighty flood through her bosom?

The night wore on—the day broke open the eastern gates—the morning came. Looking from the window, Winifred saw two horsemen winding slowly down the mountain. One was the negro, Jack; the other was Mr. Winthrop, and in his arms he bore a burden carefully enveloped in his cloak.

They approached the house—she could endure her prison no longer. Grasping the massy iron poker from the fender, she brought it to bear with all her strength against the door. Again and again the blow fell—the wild oak quivered—the bolts held fast, but the hinges were old and rusty, and could not withstand the strain. They yielded—another frantic blow—they broke; the door flew open with a crash, and Winifred dashed out into the corridor and down the stairs. She reached the door just as the equestrians rode up. Mr. Winthrop strove to avoid her, but she sprang upon him, and with the strength of a giantess tore the cloaked bundle from his arms.

He seemed enraged at the action—all the fierce passions of his nature leaped into his face—

"Give him to me! Dead as he is I claim him! he is mine! mine, only!" he cried savagely, attempting to regain the possession of the child.

"I am his mother! Would to God that not a drop of your accursed blood ran in his veins, as none of your passions dwell in his breast!"

Winifred was stung by her husband's harshness, and all the high, proud temper of an Atherton was aroused. And he—enraged and embittered by the stabs of an awakened conscience—forgot his manhood, and struck her!

She staggered beneath the blow, and for an instant her white face took the sanguinary hue of the red rose. When she spoke, it was with a calm voice.

"For this, I renounce all allegiance to the wretch I have called husband! Henceforth, I am a free woman!"

She turned slowly away, and bore the child into the house. With fearful composure, she uncovered its mangled body, and gazed upon its dead face. She kissed it tenderly—stroking the soft hair, and murmuring—"Dear Willie! Dear little Willie!"

She asked Mr. Winthrop no questions concerning the night's adventures: but Jack, the negro, told her all that he knew in a few words.

Mr. Winthrop had crossed the ridge, a little below Front Royal, and ridden hard until he reached the Shenandoah river. He had intended to cross the stream, and in seeking for a ford, the body of little Willie was accidentally discovered. It lay close to the water, in the shadow of a clump of alders—and the man said it was his master's opinion that it had been strangled. There were prints of human footsteps in the soft sand all around the place, and some shreds of a woman's clothing were found adhering to a low thorn bush.

Dark, terrible suspicions, hints and innuendoes of dread boding, touching her husband, came to Winifred's ears, from the neighboring people: the dark veil which covered his darker life in the past, was partially undrawn; and she knew enough to make her shrink with abhorrence and loathing from the talented and world-respected senator.

Her great, and overwhelming grief for her child, swallowed up all lesser trouble, and for the seven days which followed, she walked like one in a trance. Mechanically, she prepared herself to leave Bellemont—mechanically, she suffered them to take her to Washington, and from thence to Maplewood; like one without life or feeling, she saw her Willie entombed on a green eminence beside the moaning sea. And when the sods were laid smoothly over his grave, and she had put her aching forehead upon the cool turf to still its wild throbbings, she arose, and stood up above—knowing that her duty here was ended.

The Ghost of a Priest.

A remarkable story is current in Pittsburgh and other parts of Western Pennsylvania. It possesses the elements of the wildest romance, but is religiously believed by very many persons. We give it as it was told to us, without, of course, endorsing the occurrences as actual facts.

About two weeks ago, in the village of Latrobe, in Western Pennsylvania, a solemn mass was performed in the Roman Catholic church, for the repose of the soul of a deceased priest. A number of worshippers were in the church at the time. Just as the officiating priest was about to perform the most solemn part of the rites, his purpose was checked by an astonishing appearance. The form of the deceased priest himself appeared in front of the altar, with hand uplifted in a warning manner. The officiating clergyman stepped back, when the ghostly priest, or priestly ghost, addressed his brother in the flesh and the congregation. He said they were taking unnecessary trouble to get him out of purgatory. The priest might save his prayers and his penitents their pennies. They could not get him out of purgatory, because he never was in it. Furthermore there was no chance for him to get there, as there never was such a place as purgatory. It was all a mistake. He should feel much obliged if they could get him out of the spot where he was, but that was impossible. There were but two places of future existence, one of perpetual bliss and the other of perpetual punishment. Only two priests ever went to Heaven—and he was not one of them. He therefore warned them that their masses for repose of his or any other defunct parson's soul was useless.

With that monition this remarkable ghost disappeared, and the congregation dispersed.

On what foundation the story rests is more than we can tell, but there must have been some event to give rise to such an extraordinary report.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

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Town Election.

It will be seen by a notice in this paper, that our town election takes place next Monday. As yet, no interest seems to be felt on the subject. We have not heard of the first candidate, yet we think it is a very important election—more so this year than usual.

Editorial Correspondence.

(We are informed by the "Senior," in a note accompanying the following, that he had visited Wilmington, and had mailed us a long letter descriptive of his visit, intended for the issue of last week. We are sorry the letter failed to come to hand, for we are informed the visit was a very pleasant one.)

JARRATT'S HOTEL, PETERSBURG, March 16,

My Dear A:—In making hasty trips from place to place, it is very difficult to find an idle hour in which to write to "the old folks at home," except it may be just such a time as I am now taking, at the late hour of night when wearied limbs, from unceasing daily rounds, crave the ease and rest of quiet repose. Were to write but to think, you would have one continuous letter from hour to hour, for my mind is continually reverting back to the dear old Times at home. And you may apply this language in almost any light you please, and it will hold true: for of Greensboro it may always be said, "There is no place like home." The facts are so cognizant, it cannot be called egotism in me, or in bad taste to say, the quietness, the sociability, the intelligence, the refinement, (and I am obliged to say it, the beauty of the ladies,) make Greensboro the most desirable place to live in for the enjoyment of the above enumerated blessings, of any place with which I have ever become acquainted. If any man has plenty of money, and wishes to enjoy all the good things of this life to perfection, untrammelled with business, let him locate in Greensboro. But I have no time for fancy. In my last, from Wilson, I stated I was just starting for Petersburg. I believe you knew before I left home, it was my first *visit* to this section of the country, but there will be no harm in stating the fact just here, as a preface to the assertion that I was surprised at the amount of business done in Petersburg. There are quite a number of large wholesale houses, sufficient to supply almost any amount of southern trade, and on terms as liberal as New York. With nearly every house I found connected a North-Carolinian, and hence they do an immense North-Carolina trade; in fact it is a North-Carolina city, unfortunately located without the border of the boundary line. Had I the command of the southern trade, and its destiny was between New York and Petersburg, every dollar should go to Petersburg in preference. It is a southern city, it is nearer home, and the terms are just as reasonable. The prevalent notion that prevails that New York is so cheap, is altogether an idea, a mere *notion*. I presume it is the same in all trades, and you know the popular idea prevails that New York does remarkably neat printing at remarkably cheap prices. (I refer to this because I now speak of what I personally know.) But you likewise know we have tested the matter of printing, and that the "Times Office" can execute as neat a job, and at as low a price as New York. And I have no doubt it is the same in other branches of trade. Our merchants need only try it to be convinced of the fact. Strange, however, to say, the intelligence has spread abroad that there would be such a falling off this season in the New York trade, that goods would "go a begging," from the over-stock in the market.—The consequence has been, by far a greater number have gone North this season than usual, each to be the fortunate one in the fortunate time.

In Petersburg there is a great deal of energy, and energy that is properly applied. It is not spent in jealousies and rivalries, but all have an eye to Petersburg as a whole, remembering the correct principle of political economy, so little understood, that whatever benefits the whole, proportionately benefits each.—A narrow minded selfishness is an incubus that will crush down the rising aspiration of any community or city, and Petersburg is blessed in having none of this spirit; her leading men have an expansive, generous and correct view of things and the city is prosperous and thriving. The spring trade is now in full sway and the merchants are making fine displays and good sales.

The Jarratt House, where I am now stopping, is just at the terminus of the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, is convenient to Sycamore street, the business street of the city, and is in every respect one of the finest hotels at which I ever domiciled. I say this for the benefit of any one who may wish to spend any time in Petersburg, as I am always obliged for just such information whenever I travel. Good eating, attentive waiters, and comfortable rooms are highly prized by a wearied traveler, and all of these I here enjoy. Much more I could write of Petersburg and what I have seen, but I am in haste as I leave for Richmond in the morning. At a more convenient time I may allude to some other things. I will write you again from Richmond, and until then, I am

Yours truly, C.

RICHMOND, March 22.

My Dear A:—In fulfilment of my promise, in the letter I wrote you from Petersburg, I have thought proper to write you a short letter this morning before I take leave of the city of Richmond, homeward bound. I hope to follow on soon after my letter; at least within the limits of a week.

I have had quite a pleasant visit to Richmond. After I reached here on Saturday, everything was too new to form any special opinion. Sunday and Monday were rainy without an hour's intermission, and being closely housed I became rather *blue*, and wished myself somewhere else than in Richmond; it was not the place for me, not at all, at all. But Tuesday and Wednesday were beautiful days, with the exception of rather high winds, "making the dust fly," and the "blue" impressions of Monday were all dissipated, and I am brought up to a very high regard for the metropolis of Virginia.

The business done here is immense. The number of Broadway omnibusses for the transportation of human freight through this fashionable thoroughfare of New York, may far surpass the similar business in Maine street, Richmond; but there is no business section of the city of New York more densely crowded with drays, and every sort of wagon than is Cary Street. It is one mixed moving mass as far as the eye can reach. And Maine is not much better.

As to the wholesale trade of Richmond, what I said in my previous letter about Petersburg, may also be said of Richmond. Of course there is a much heavier business done here, more wholesale houses, and more trades represented. I have taken particular pains to visit most of these houses, and to enquire into their trade, and I am fully convinced that there is no necessity, none in the least, why our Southern merchants should ever go a single step further North than Richmond. There is much excitement here, however, among the merchants, from the passage, by the lower House of the Legislature, of a bill taxing all the sales of merchants one per cent, except in favor of home manufactures and goods of direct importation. This law to take effect after May 1861, it is said, if the bill passes the Senate and becomes a law, a great deal of capital will be driven from the state. What will be the future, we cannot tell: we believe the Legislature is trying to strike at the right principle for the encouragement of Southern commercial independence, but whether they hit it remains to be seen. I am strongly inclined to "free trade," especially that trade in which will indace the South to trade with the South. This will be a better defense than all the muskets that may be manufactured in the next ten years to come. I am sorry to say, however, that I saw very little of this spirit in Richmond. Less than any place I have visited in six months. With all the facilities for wholesale, the retail merchants of Richmond buy the greater portion of their goods in New York. Even down to little establishments of a few hundred dollars, if there be an article of any description upon which they can save fifty cents by ordering direct from manufacturers in Philadelphia or New York, they will be at the trouble of ordering and shipping for the difference. This has too little of the right spirit about it, and were a new system inaugurated, with the other facilities which are driving Richmond forward so rapidly, a still stronger basis for a healthy trade would be the result. I present a table of merchandizing in Richmond:

Wholesale Grocers, including Provisions	33 stores.
Wholesale Dry Goods	6 do.
Commission Merchants	65 do.
Clothing	60 do.
Boots and Shoes	11 do.
Hardware	14 do.
Drugs and Medicines	25 do.
Books and Stationery	7 do.
Wholesale Liquor	7 do.
Ship Chandlers and Grocers	3 do.
Granaries and Feed Stores	12 do.
Queensware	5 do.
Hats	17 do.
Sewelers	20 do.
Confectioners	26 do.
House Furnishing	2 do.
Lumber Yards	12 do.
Retail Groceries	197 do.
Retail Dry Goods	43 do.
Miscellaneous	30 do.

Number of persons employed, 2,584; value of real estate used for business purposes, $4,462,800; cash capital employed six millions dollars; total amount of sales in twelve months $39,462,826.

We also present a table of Manufacturing Establishments in Richmond.

	Establishments	Products
Tobacco	56	$6,500,000
Flour and Meal	15	5,000,000
Rolling Mill	3	500,000
Foundries and machine-shops	14	1,500,000
Agricultural Works	6	250,000
Nail factory	1	237,000
Other iron and metal	30	200,000
Cotton Factories	2	485,000
Carriage-makers	11	239,000
Cabinet makers	13	346,000
Brick-makers	7	143,000
Paper Mill	1	60,000
Boots and shoes, 283 hands		253,000
Miscellaneous		4,257,000
		$19,970,000

The different KINDS of establishments in Richmond, are ninety seven: number of persons employed 12,111: capital invested in machinery and real estate, $6,858,463: cash capital, six millions of dollars. The iron establishments use about 25,000 tons of pig iron per annum.

At Westham, 5 miles above Richmond, an iron furnace will go into operation on the 1st of April, or earlier, which will produce 10,000 tons pig metal—value about $250,000. A sugar refinery and other kinds of manufactories will go into operation during this spring and summer.

One of the clothing establishments manufactured, last year, 25,000 garments, from overcoats to vests; and one of the shoe establishments manufactured, last year, 14,000 pairs of brogans, &c.

The city of Richmond has a high, hilly site, making it clean and healthy, besides furnishing naturally great advantages in beautifying. The capital has a beautiful and commanding site, and a great deal of labor and money are expended on the grounds. The bronze equestrian statue of Washington strikes the visitor with grand admiration. The beautiful proportions of the horse, the noble bearing of the rider are model's in statuary and will make as immortal the artist as the subject.

The Virginia Legislature is still in session, but will adjourn on the 2nd April. I paid a short visit to each house, but such was the confusion I could hear nothing scarcely that was said, or understand what was doing. During the time I was in the House, an order was made to ring the bell that a quorum of members might be collected for the transaction of business. During the taking of a vote on some bill, the name of a gentleman was called sitting near me, who answered "I," and then turned to a neighbor to enquire "what bill was up?" Thus works the wisdom of the state. In the Senate I noticed a Black Republican, the representative of the Wheeling District. He receives no courtesy from the other members, they scarcely deigning to speak to him. I learn, however, that he does not *represent* his constituents, his Republicanism having developed itself since his election: or, at least, it was not known before.

I visited the Penitentiary on yesterday.—There are something over 400 convicts, among the number only three white women. This shows the difference between the sexes. But there was also another difference which was forcibly illustrated by this visit, which I will tell to you, but on no condition must you tell it to Mrs. A., or any of my particular friends among the *fairy* ladies. It is in keeping with the maxim that woman is an angel until she falls, and then she is——an angel still, but of a darker shade. These three women were more noisy, *talkative*, than the whole 400 men, and gave the keepers more trouble and were more difficult to manage.

This is rather a bad subject to conclude with, but the mail will close in a few minutes, and I have nothing else to say; therefore, I will conclude and take a little stroll to divest my mind and I would advise the same remedy if it affects you *disagreeably*. So, good-bye, and believe me Yours, C.

To Correspondents.

M.: "To Miss Nannie," though breathing much devotion, is not wanted.

CLARA AUGUSTA: "Leave me alone," "Sonnet—Lachesis," and "A Fancy," will certainly find a corner." You will receive the number of papers—if not write us.

MABEL LANSING: "E Pluribus Unum," is not "out of place" at any time.

GRACE MILLWOOD: Thank you for your remembrance of the Times. We know you can only be pleased with Clara Augusta's story.—It is truly fascinating. You enquire "what has became of Lottie Linwood and Matilda, with their sweet songs?" We send them your enquiry that they may answer for themselves—we hope.

New Advertisements.

This department still continues to grow in interest to our readers. They will find some worthy Richmond houses noticed in it, and we hope Southerners will consult their own interest and look into these houses before going farther North. We are satisfied it will pay them. Friend Baldwin, of Wilmington, also offers much encouragement to persons willing to patronize the Old North State.

Acquittal of the Witchers.

From a special dispatch to the Richmond *Dispatch*, dated Lynchburg, 25th instant, we learn that Capt Vincent Witcher, Addison Witcher, J. A. Smith and Samuel Swanson, tried for killing the Messrs. Clements, in Franklin county, Va., were acquitted on Friday evening last.

The Parker Family

Will give three entertainments at the Young Men's Hall. Due notice will be given. Their entertainments are No. 1.

TERRIBLE FIGHT ON BOARD THE SHIP NORWAY.

BOSTON, March 24.—The ship Norway, of New York, Capt. Major, when five days out on the passage from Macao to Havana, with about one thousand Coolies, was the scene of a terrible mutiny, in which thirty Coolies were killed and ninety wounded.

The fight lasted from 6 P. M. till daylight the next morning, when the Coolies yielded. Capt. Major had his wife and two daughters, and also a lady and child on board. The lady passenger died of fright, and her child expired soon afterwards.

NEW ADTISEMENTS.

THE TIMES *has an increasing circulation throughout the South and South-west, and is an excellent medium for advertising. A few select advertisements only will be admitted, at ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. In favor of advertisements standing six or twelve months, a deduction of 50 per cent. will be made. Advertisers not specifying the number of insertions, the advertisement will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly. Special Notices will be charged 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 7½ cents for each subsequent insertion.*

DOUBLE REFINED STEAM CANDIES.—My factory is now complete and is by far the largest establishment of the kind south of Philadelphia which enables me to offer to the trade of VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, and TENNESSEE, An article of city made Steam Refined Crushed Sugar Candy. Warranted to stand in any climate. Much below the Northern price for an article of like standard.
LOUIS J. ROSSIEUX.
mrh31-6m No. 80 Main st., Richmond, Va.

J. F. WADSWORTH, D. B. TURNER, G. S. PALMER.
WADSWORTH, TURNER & CO., No. 18 Fourteenth st., Richmond, Va., wholesale dealers in foreign and domestic Dry Goods, and agents for the N. C. Rock Island Co., offer a very extensive stock of rich Fancy and Staple spring and summer Goods, which they will sell on as favorable terms as they can be purchased in any market in the United States. mrh31-6mp

R. L. DICKINSON, (successor to Dickinson & Wenziger,) manufacturer of all kinds of Silk and Fur Hats, and wholesale dealer in Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Children's Furs, No. 78 Main st., Richmond, Va. mrh31-1y

RICHARDSON & CO., deal exclusively in, and keep for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, at their warerooms, No. 96 Main st., Richmond, Va., all kinds of Carpetings, Mattings, Floor Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats, Curtain Goods, Window Shades, Table Oil Cloths, Piano and Table Covers, &c. They will have made to order Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Curtains and Shades. mrh 31—6m p

HECTOR DAVIS, Auctioneer and Commission Merchant for the sale of Negroes, Franklin st., Richmond, Va. Sells Negroes both publicly and privately, and pledges his best efforts to get the highest prices. mrh31-6m p

BALDWIN'S GREAT METROPOLITAN TRUNK MANUFACTORY.—$5000 worth of fine Leather TRAVELING TRUNKS made to order, and warranted superior to any others in the market, at ten per cent. advance from manufacturer's prices, now landing from various schooners.
LADIES' TRUNKS, (a new style—the latest French novelty,) the most completely arranged ever introduced in any market.
The very latest style of ENGLISH RETICULE. No lady will be without one after she has seen them.
One hundred assorted PACKING TRUNKS, at manufacturer's prices, $1 25 and upwards.
TRUNKS AT WHOLESALE.—We can offer extraordinary inducements to Country Merchants. Our large sales and exclusive agency enables us to offer the greatest bargains in the trade.
A large variety of Trunks for boys and misses. Those who may be going off to school can be supplied at very low prices.
☞ Trunks shipped free of charge for drayage, and sent to any part of the city free of charge.
O. S. BALDWIN.
mrn31-6w No. 34 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

MILITARY GOODS, OF ALL KINDS, can be purchased at my store at N. York prices. Letter UNIFORMS for Companies made to order. Swords, Belts, Sashes, and complete equipments, at short notice, furnished by O. S. BALDWIN,
mrh31—6w No. 34 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

WALKING CANES AND UMBRELLAS, at wholesale and retail. For sale low by O. S. BALDWIN.
mrh31—6w No. 34 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

PISTOLS.—Of all the approved styles, and for sale at prices twenty-five per cent. lower than is generally asked for them. We have agencies, and sell ten per cent. advance from manufacturer's prices.
O. S. BALDWIN.
mrh31—6w No. 34 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

1860 SPRING AND SUMMER. 1860
CLOTHING AND FURNISHING STORE.—The subscriber has made up the largest stock of superior CLOTHING ever exhibited south of Baltimore. Those in the establishment in South Carolina, North Carolina, or Virginia, can show you a more desirable stock. The COATS, PANTS and VESTS are got up in custom work, and the style adopted is the newest Paris pattern—being entirely unlike "ready-made" trash usually offered ready made. We will warrant that we cannot warrant perfect fit in workmanship, cut and style.
A gentleman may drop into our house, and in a few minutes be handsomely fitted out to a Sunday suit, or a business suit, as fine as can be made to measure, and save TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. by so doing.
Those who prefer garments made to measure are informed that we have the BEST CUTTER in the country, and keep the largest assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS in the State—especially for ordered work. Gentlemen, it will pay you to patronize
BALDWIN.
mrh31—6w No. 34 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

1860 .....SPRING TRADE..... 1860
THE MERCHANTS OF VIRGINIA, North Carolina, and Tennessee, are earnestly requested to examine our stock of DRY GOODS for the ensuing season, consisting of a large assortment of

English and French Dress Goods for ladies,	
Irish Linens,	Worsted Cords,
Diaper Linens,	Cloths,
White Canaries,	Farmer Drills,
Jaconets,	Ducklps,
Swiss and Embroidered Muslins,	Colonades,
	Vestings,
Brilliants,	Threads, Spool Cotton,
Alpacoes,	Italian Cloths,
Plain DeLaines,	Farmers' Satins,
Ginghams, Prints,	Hosiery,

English and French Drap d'Etes,
Linen, Cambric, Silk, Cotton and Gingham Handk'fs.
All of our own importation, and selected in the European markets in person by our experienced and judicious agent, Mr. WILLIAM BELL, formerly in the Dry Goods Jobbing business in this place. Also, a large and attractive stock of AMERICAN FABRICS, all of which we will sell to the trade as low and upon as favorable terms as they can be bought in any market in this country.
ELLETT & DREWRY
mrh31—6m No. 11 Pearl st., Richmond, Va.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.—I will sell a tract of land, containing five acres, lying on the Hillsboro road, about 1½ miles from Greensboro, on Tuesday of May court. Sale at the court-house door, at 1 o'clock. It is unimproved wood land, and very valuable to persons living in town. Terms made known on day of sale. mrh31-4w POLLY BANNER.

NEW STOCK OF HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS, UMBRELLAS, &c.—I desire to invite the attention of country merchants and purchasers generally to my new stock of Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Umbrellas, Canes, &c., which is now very full and complete, comprising a great variety of styles and qualities suited to the spring and summer trade. The stock has been selected with great care from the most approved manufacturers, and is well adapted to the wants of this section of country, and will be offered at prices that cannot fail to please. JAMES E. WOLFF.
mrch24-1y No. 17 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

1860.....SPRING STOCK.....1860
WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY. The subscriber has received, and begs to call the attention of wholesale dealers to his splendid stock of Confectioneries, Fruits, Nuts, Fancy Goods, Pickles, Preserves, Brandy Peaches, Cordials, Syrups, Sardines, Soda, Nutmegs, Scotch Ale, London Porter, Matches, Blacking, Perfumery, Soaps, Playing Cards, Baskets, Musical Instruments, Toys, Matches, Porte Monnaies, &c., &c., &c. Also, a large variety of Notions, usually to be found in similar establishments. New arrivals of Choice Fruits, Nuts, &c., tri-weekly, from Baltimore and New York.
☞ Orders solicited, and promptly and faithfully executed. A. BUTTS, JR.,
(Successor to S. H. MARKS.)
mrch24-1y No. 82 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the firm of COLE & AMIS must come forward and settle, as the books must be closed. feb11-tf.

SOMETHING NEW.—Misses', boy's, youth's and children's Boots and Shoes with metalic tips. One pair will last as long as two or three of the ordinary make. 41-tf J. F. BOONE.

CAPTURE OF MIRAMON'S VESSELS OF WAR.

WASHINGTON, March 20.

The Secretary of the Navy received the following despatch late last night, which details very briefly the engagemrnt at Vera Cruz between Capta'n Jarvis, commander of the United States naval forces, and General Marin, who commanded the Spanish or Miramon naval forces:—

NEW ORLEANS, March 19

Hon. ISAAC TOUCEY, Secretary of the Navy:—

SIR—Lieutenant Chapman left Vera Cruz on the 11th instant, in command of the prize steamer Marquis of Havana, as bearer of despatches to the department from Captain Jarvis; but learning on my arrival here this morning that he has not arrived, I deem it my duty to forward the following report to you:

On the 5th inst., Gen. Miramon commenced the siege of Vera Cruz, and on the 6th, Gen. Marin appeared before the city with this and another steamer, and, not showing his colors, Commander Turner, in the Saratoga, with detachments from the Savannah and Preble, in the steamers Indianola and Wave, was ordered to proceed to the anchorage of the steamers, off Anton Lizardo, and ascertain their characters. Upon nearing them, one of them was seen to be moving off, when a shot was fired ahead of her to bring her to, and the Indianola sent to overhaul her. The ball from the Indianola was replied to by a fire from the Gen. Miramon's guns, and a volley of musketry, when the Saratoga fired a broadside and the action became general, resulting in the capture of both of Marin's steamers, with himself and a large number of his men on board.

Capt. Jarvis ordered both prizes to this port. The Preble will be here in a few days with Marin and most of the prisoners on board, the rest being distributed between this steamer and the Marquis of Havana.

Your despatch will reach me here.

Respectfully,

R. D. MINOR, Lieut U. S. Navy,

Commanding prize steamer Gen. Miramon.

Further Particulars.

NEW ORLEANS, March 21.

It appears that Miramon notified the foreign vessels that he should commence the bombardment of Vera Cruz on the night of the 13th, and would not be responsible for the safety of the shipping anchored under the walls of the castle. On the night of the 13th, the U.S. officers on board the captured steamer Miramon, heard a heavy cannonading in the direction of Vera Cruz. There were captured with the two steamers, 6 mortars, 6 twenty-four pounders, and 2,000 stands of small arms

The steamers are worth $30,000. On the 3d day out from Havana, the steamers broke down and put into Sisal for repairs. The materials of war were stowed away below out of sight.

The men on board of them declare that they were forced into service and did not know the destination of the expedition.

[SECOND DISPATCH.]

NEW ORLEANS, March 21.

Gen. Marin's steamers returned the fire of the Saratoga, and tried to escape. The Indianola pursued the Miramon. The latter fired on her, when the Indianola returned the fire and the marines on board boarded the Miramon at the point of the bayonet. A portion of the Indianola's deck was torn away by the shot. The Miramon ran aground and the Saratoga brought the Marquis to.

The Picayune is informed by the French prisoners on board the prizes, that the fighting was done chiefly by the officers, who were obliged to load and fire the guns, assisted only by some Mexican officers from the shore.

The two steamers had 250 men aboard, of whom 40 are killed and wounded. The killed were thrown overboard.

The Indianola and Wave had 80 men each.

The first engineer of the Marquis, who was killed, was an American.

Capt. Turner asked Com. Marin why he fired on the American vessels without provocation. Marin replied that the men could not be controlled. He knew the nationality of the vessels and understood their signals, but the men fired without orders. Turner replied, "You are entirely responsible for this outrage."

It is stated that the expedition cost $300,000, and was mostly furnished at Havana by the authorities there, in accordance with a provision of the Almonte treaty.

The prizes are anchored opposite this city.

Lieut. Chapman has received orders from Washington to remain here and forward his despatches. He also has dispatches for the British Minister.

Juarez, in a proclamation, had authorized any one to capture the Marin expedition as piratical.

The Delta publishes the details of negotiations between the British and Mexican Governments.

Lord Russell proposes an armistice, general amnesty and an act of religious toleration. If the proposition is declined, England must demand from both parties full indemnity for claims due English subjects. Miramon proposed the terms of an armistice which stipulates that England, France, Spain Prussia and the United States shall be mediators for the establishment of peace: in the meantime the custom house duties are to be divided between the two Governments, etc. Juarez returned Miramon's communication on the 3d instant, with the declaration that the propositions were absurd and inadmissible.

Miscellaneous.

1860. SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. 1860.

A. WEATHERLY begs leave to inform his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he has received his stock of spring and summer Rich and Fashionable DRY GOODS, to the inspection of which he invites the public. Our Ladies' Dress Goods consists of a full, complete and fashionable assortment of all kinds of Dress Goods now in market, and a variety of Fancy Articles too numerous to mention. Hoop Skirts, Ready Made Clothing, a good assortment of Boots and Shoes of the latest and best styles. Also, an assortment of Groceries and Hardware.

As goods are generally cheap this spring, we hope to give satisfaction to all who may call. mch24-tf

TO THE LADIES.—A. WEATHERLY informs the Ladies of Greensboro and vicinity, that he has opened, in addition to his stock of Dry Goods, a MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT, in his building, the office formerly occupied by the Farmer's Bank, two doors above his store, and one above Porter & Gorrell's. Our stock consists of the newest and latest styles of Ladies' Bonnets—crape, lace, straw, hair, chip, braid, and in fact every variety of bonnets; Mourning Bonnets always on hand. Misses' and Children's Hats and Flats, Shaker Hoods, Head-dresses, Ribbons, Ruches, Flowers, &c.

Having secured the services of Mrs. W. S. Moore, a lady of much experience and great taste, also having made arrangements with a Fashionable Milliner in New York to supply Bonnets during the season, we hope to please all, even the most fastidious. Mrs. Moore will always be found at the above establishment, where Bonnets will be trimmed in the latest styles and on the shortest notice. mch24tf

CIGARS, CIGARS.—Over 100,000, of all grades and prices, and in quantities to suit purchasers. A. BUTTS, Jr.

mch24-1y No. 82 Sycamore st., Petersburg Va.

Musical.

HORACE WATERS, AGENT, 333 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Publisher of Music and Music Books, dealer in Pianos, Melodeons, Alexandre Organs, Martins celebrated and other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Violins, Violincellos, Accordeons, Flutinas, Fifes, Flutes, Clarionetts, Triangles, Tuning Forks, Pipes and Hammers, Violin Bows, best Italian strings, Brass Instruments for bands, Piano Stools and Covers, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

SHEET MUSIC from all the publishers in the United States; Boston's, Hunting's and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments; Church Music Books; Music elegantly bound; Music Paper, and all kinds of Music Merchandize, at the lowest prices.

NEW PIANOS, at $175, $225, $250, and up to $800; Second Hand Pianos from $25 up to $300; New Melodeons, $95, $105, $125, and up to $250; Second Hand Melodeons from $25 to $80; Alexandre Organs, with five stops, $75, $100 and $150; Six stops, $125 and $175. A liberal discount to Clergymen, Churches, Sabbath Schools, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

Testimonials of the Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons.

"The Piano came to hand, and in first-rate order. It is a beautiful instrument, and no mistake."—*Leo of Weber, Philadelphia.*

John Hewitt, of Carthage, New York, who has had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as follows:

"A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano for her. She likes the one you sold me in December, 1856. My piano is becoming popular in this place, and I think I can introduce one or two more; they will be more popular than any other make."

"We have two of Waters' Pianos in use in our Seminary, one of which has been severely tested for three years, and we can testify to their good quality and durability."—*Wood Gregory, Music Course, Ill.*

"H. Waters, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Having used one of your Piano-Fortes for two years past, I have found it a very superior instrument."—*Isaac Gray, Principal Brooklyn Heights Seminary.*

"TOWN, N. Y., August 5, 1858.—HORACE WATERS, Esq.—*Sir:* The Melodeon you sent me was duly received in good order. I am now fully prepared to say that the instrument is highly satisfactory, and I beg you will accept my thanks for the very liberal terms on which you furnished it, and for the very honorable manner in which you have fulfilled and even than fulfilled all that you promised. Very respectfully yours, &c.—*A. L. Smith.*"

"The Piano I received from you continues to give satisfaction. I regard it as one of the best instruments in the place."—*James L. Carlton, Cambridge, Vt.*

"The Melodeon has safely arrived. I feel obliged to you for your liberal discount—will do all I can for you in these parts."—*Rev. J. M. McConaughy, Fort Edward, N. Y.*

"The Piano was duly received. It came in excellent condition, and is very much admired by my numerous family. Accept my thanks for your promptness."—*Robert Cooper, Warrenton, Bradford co., Pa.*

"Your Piano pleases us well. It is the best one in our county."—*Thomas A. Lindsay, Campbellton, Ga.*

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"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durability."—*New York Evangelist.*

"We can speak of the merits of the Horace Waters Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of the very best quality."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"The Horace Waters Pianos are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material. We have no doubt that buyers can do as well, perhaps better, at this than at any other house in the Union."—*Albany and Journal.*

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"Our friends will find at Mr. Waters' store the very best assortment of Music and of Pianos to be found in the United States, and we may urge our Southern and Western friends to give him a call whenever they go to New York."—*Graham's Magazine.* jan28-1y.

PIANOS, MELODEONS, AND ORGANS.—The Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons, for depth, purity of tone and durability, are unsurpassed. Prices reasonable. Second Hand Pianos and Melodeons, from $25 to $150.

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jan28-52t. 333 Broadway, New York.

SABBATH SCHOOL BELL.—151,000 ISSUED IN THIRTEEN MONTHS!—The unprecedented sale of this Book has induced the publishers to add some 35 new tunes and hymns to its present size, without extra charge, except on the cheap edition. Among the many beautiful tunes and hymns added, may be found: "I ought to love my mother;" "Oh, I'll be a good child, indeed I will;" These, and eight others from the Bell, were sung at the Sunday School Anniversary of Mr. S. Clarke, at the Academy of Music, with great applause. The Bell contains nearly 200 tunes and hymns, and is one of the best collections ever issued. Price 12½ $10 per hundred, postage 2c; bound 25c, $15 per 100, postage 1c. Elegantly bound, embossed gilt, 25c; $20 per 100. *It has been introduced into many of the Public Schools.*

The Bell is published in small numbers, entitled Anniversary and Sunday School Music Books, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, in order to accommodate the million; price $2 and $3 per 100. No. 5 will soon be issued—commencement of another book. Also, Revival Music Books, Nos. 1 and 2, price $1 and $2 per 100, postage 1c. More than 300,000 copies of the above books have been issued the past eighteen months, and the demand is rapidly increasing.—Published by HORACE WATERS, Agent,
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For sale at the South-Western Sunday School Union, 107 Camp street, New Orleans.

ANNIVERSARY AND SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK No. 5, contains fifty tunes and hymns, mostly new, just what is wanted for Sabbath-School Anniversaries, Christmas Festivals, Concerts, Revival Meetings and New-Years Greetings. Among the many beautiful may be found "Happy Christmas Morn," "Music of Angels" cantata, "Announcement of the Saviour's Birth," "Pleasant Sabbath-School," "Rouse, thee, Child of Heaven," "Sorrow shall come again no more," "Bethlehem Star," "Bright Happy New-Year," "Don't you hear the Angels Coming?" "Be kind to the loved ones at Home." Price 5c; $4 per 100, postage 1c.

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NEW MUSIC—WATERS' COLLECTION OF SACRED MELODIES, consisting of Solos, Songs, Duetts, Trios, Quartettes and Choruses, for Sabbath singing. Easily arranged for the piano by Augusta Cull. No. 1. "Music of Angels," 2. "When Night comes o'er the Plain?" 3. Kind words can never Die" 4. "Happy Christmas Morn;" 5. "I ought to love my Mother" 6. "My Mother dear I fondly love" 7. "I ought to love my Mother" 8. "When sorrow thy bright morn clouded" 9. "Bethlehem Star" 10. "Beautiful Zion" 11. "The Angels told me so"—25 cents each. 4 cantata. "Announcement of the Saviour's Birth," 25c. *Sunday Piece.*—"Home of our birth;" "Oh, if I were a little bird;" "Sarah Jane Lee;" "Give me back my mountain home;" "Grave of Rosabel," and "I'm with thee still"—25 cents each. "Instrumental City Guard Quickstep," 50c. "Thomas Baker Schottische 25c." "Ney Aug. Schottische" and Weemer Polka—25c. each, mailed free. Just published by HORACE WATERS, Agent,
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Dry Goods, &c.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING. We take great pleasure in announcing to our old friends and customers that we are receiving a large and well selected stock of Fall and Winter Clothing comprising the LATEST AND MOST ELEGANT STYLES of coats, pants and vests; also, a fine stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Shirts, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Knives, Pistols, Walking Canes, a good stock of Watches; in fact, everything usually found in a large Clothing Emporium. We cheerfully present our goods for inspection, with the most perfect confidence in our extensive preparations to give satisfaction to all who may favor us with a call. We boldly defy competition, not only in the assortment but in the GREAT BARGAINS we can offer to our customers. Our stock for the winter is large, and cannot be surpassed; and having bought of the largest houses North for cash, we can positively sell at a lower per cent. than any other establishment in the same trade. Thanking our friends, customers and the public in general, for past favors we hope for a continuance of the same, assuring them that they shall receive the best bargains to be had in this country.

sept-tf S. ARCHER & CO.

BOOTS AND SHOES, CHEAP.—I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greensboro. My stock consists of ladies', gentlemen's, misses', boys', youths and children's Shoes and Gaiters, of EVERY VARIETY, STYLE AND PRICE; Negro Brogans, Leather, French Calfskins, and Shoemakings of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is a trial to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me. Terms cash. 41-tf J. R. F. BOONE.

NEW MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA. Look here, friends and fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the county agent, for their new, large and magnificent MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, and you will get the whole State, with her rivers, railroads, gold, copper, lead, iron and coal mines and all the cities, towns and villages, her noble mountains and springs, and her fields and flowers. If you want this Golden Prize, now is the time. The map is seven feet by five, with border views of the State colleges, institutes, Chapel Hill, male and female colleges, &c.; and is one of the cheapest and best maps ever published.

Agents are wanted for every county in the State. Terms liberal. PEARCE & BEST.

tf Hillsboro, N. C.

TO THE SOUTHERN TRADE.—KENT, PAINE & CO., importers and jobbers of fancy and staple dry goods, 163 and 165 Main street, Richmond, are now receiving, have in store, and offer to the Southern Trade upon the most favorable terms, five thousand packages of fresh, seasonable and desirable STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, both of foreign and domestic manufacture. Our importations from the various European markets have been unusually large, and we are prepared to offer to our customers the largest and most splendid stock of dry goods ever exhibited in Virginia. We have also made arrangements with the manufacturers of Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia for a full assortment of their various productions, such as SHIRTINGS, SHEETINGS, OSNABURGS, YARNS, KERSEYS, CASSIMERES, TWEEDS, &c., which we will sell at manufacturers' prices. We are also prepared to exhibit a very large and beautiful stock of READY MADE CLOTHING, manufactured at home by Virginia workmen, under our own supervision, which we guarantee to be gotten up in as good style as any Northern work, and we pledge ourselves to sell the same at or below Northern prices.

Determined to deserve the large patronage with which we have for so many years been favored, we shall the present season take measures to satisfy the Southern merchants that a home market is equal if not superior to any at the North. Our facilities are unsurpassed by any house in the trade, here or elsewhere, and we shall, as heretofore, conduct our business upon just and liberal principles. KENT, PAINE & CO.

feb25-tf 163 and 165 Main st., Richmond.

BROGANS.

Best double sole Brogans	$1 50
Good double sole Brogans	1 25
Good single Brogans	1 00

For sale at 37-tf J. F. BOONE'S

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.—The firm of COLE & AMIS is this day dissolved by mutual consent. February 1st, 1860.

6-61-tf COLE & AMIS.

CHAIR FACTORY IN GUILFORD. A. P. LEDBETTER, near New Garden, is manufacturing chairs of the best quality, fine or plain. Orders are respectfully solicited. &c.

INDIA-RUBBER BELTS.—I intend to keep constantly on hand India-Rubber Belts of all sizes, and at the following prices:

2 inch 4 ply	12½ cents per foot
2½ inch 4 ply	15 cents per foot
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4 inch 4 ply	22 cents per foot
5 inch 4 ply	27 cents per foot
6 inch 4 ply	32 cents per foot
7 inch 4 ply	38 cents per foot
8 inch 5 ply	42 cents per foot
10 inch 5 ply	50 cents per foot
12 inch 5 ply	62 cents per foot

tf J. R. F. BOONE.

NOTICE.—Having qualified as administrator on the estate of WILLIAM I. LANGDON, deceased, on the 4th day of April, A. D. 1860, at the dwelling of the said deceased, in High Point, I will expose to public vendue, on a credit, the personal property of said deceased, consisting of the following property, to-wit: Twenty-three valuable Negroes, men, women, boys and girls, Household Furniture, one House, one C W and Cab, Wagon and Harness, Books on various objects, all valuable; and other articles unnecessary to mention. Terms made known on day of sale.

All persons indebted to the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to make immediate payment and settlement, as longer indulgence cannot be given; and all persons having claims against said estate will present them for payment within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. This the 2d day of March, A. D. 1860.

mch10-5t* S. LANDER, Adm'r.

Medical.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA, a benevolent institution, established by special enactment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with chronic and delicate diseases.

Its relief or ephemeral; it is the object of this institution to establish hospitals, to provide nurses, physicians, clothing, food, medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphaned deserted parents, and to minister in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enroll their names as it looks subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of epidemics, the Directors have authorized the consulting surgeon to give medical advice *gratis* to all persons suffering under chronic diseases of a virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, maltreatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise, and in cases of extreme poverty, to furnish medicines free of charge. It is needless to say that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of chronic diseases, and enter a confirmation of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much desired cause.

Various reports and tracts on the nature and treatment of chronic diseases, by the consulting surgeon, have been published for gratuit us distribution, and will be sent *free of charge* to the afflicted.

Address, for report or treatment, Dr. J. SKILLON HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors,

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres.

GEORGE FAIRCHILD, Secretary. june11-1y

WHY BO YE SUFFER WITH Cancers, Achima, Scrofula, or any skin disease, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some of which were given up as hopeless by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure anyone of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is incredulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States. Calls will be made, or medicine sent by mail.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of Stuttering and Stammering can be cured in a very short time. The afflicted would do well to write him and describe their case.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,

tf Greensboro, N. C.

Medical.

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY,

SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,

THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE

BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THIS PEOPLE,

FOR SPECIAL DISEASES. FOR SPECIAL DISEASES. FOR SPECIAL DISEASES. FOR SPECIAL DISEASES. FOR SPECIAL DISEASES. FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.

SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,

IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN,

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WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME

OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET,

WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE,

MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY,

AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY

THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.

TEST ONE PACKAGE. TEST ONE PACKAGE. TEST ONE PACKAGE. TEST ONE PACKAGE. TEST ONE PACKAGE. TEST ONE PACKAGE.

Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy, not only from the profits that accrue from its sales, but as an act of philanthropy, for it is suffering humanity. It will be made to the interest and pecuniary interest of all Druggists to purchase by W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors, 363 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.

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Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,

Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy

Before The People
Before The People
Before The People

In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.

It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.

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PORTER & GORRELL.

Medical.

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Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
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Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
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Of any Medicine in the World.

100,000 Packages
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Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
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It is Warranted to Cure
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Loss of Appetite,
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Pain in Side and Back,
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It is Especially Adapted to
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Female Complaints;
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Female Complaints;

It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
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In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
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Every Invalid Should
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Every Invalid Should

Try One Package.
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Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.

Send a Postage Stamp to the Proprietors for their Pamphlet on "Diseases of Stomach and Bowels."

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For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY WILLIAM R. HUNTER,
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

LAST WORDS.

Johnny had spent the holiday in playing ball, and came home full of the game. He sat on the stool at Alice's feet, and told her the whole story,—how the new ball was such a "famous" one, and how Ben Cole got a kick that would keep him limping for a week, and how he—Johnny Dunn—had sent the ball farther than any boy of his size, and the big fellows had all cheered him! When he had finished, Alice said,—

"Now, Johnny, let me talk a while. Put the ball quite out of your head, and listen.—Do you know what were the last words I heard you speak as you went off this morning?"

Johnny shook his head and looked uneasy.

"You were *swearing*!" said Alice, gravely. Johnny buried his head in her lap. She went on. "You have heard us talk of brother Harry, who died when you were a baby. The last day of his life he was as strong and well as you are now. He repeated his Bible verses to mother as usual, and she talked to him a while about our dear Saviour, and then he came out. My door was open, and as he passed I could hear him whispering to himself, 'I love Jesus, and Jesus loves me.' Those were his *last words*, Johnny. One hour after, he was brought home with his bright curls stained with blood, and the little face we had loved to kiss, crushed and mangled so that no one could have known it.

"One more story, Johnny! Tom H——had been in a Sunday-school for a time; but he soon left it and went back to his wicked companions. One day he was seen going down the road by a boy who had known him at Sunday-school. He shouted to him. "Hallo, Tom Where are you going?' I do not like to repeat the answer, it was so wicked! 'I'm going to *hell!*' he said, sullenly. Those were *his* last words! That afternoon his dead body was found in the river. He had been fishing, and slipped in.

"Johnny, if the wicked words I heard you say to-day had been your last"——But there Johnny burst into tears, exclaiming,—

"Oh, sister, I want to be like Harry.—Teach me to love Jesus!"

"Ask *him* to teach you." And Johnny knelt down, and folding his hands on his sister's knee, asked the dear Saviour to forgive him for the wicked words he had said, and to make him his own child, loving and obedient, so that when death came he should not be afraid of it.

EVIL WORDS.

Words are things of little cost
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand,
Witnesses at God's right hand;
And their testimonies bear
For us, or against us, there.

Oh, how often ours have been
Idle words, and words of sin,
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit our faults to hide.
Envious tales or strife unkind.
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch and grace to pray;
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of Thee.

A GRAND WANT.

Last night a little boy, not yet four years of age, died right across the street from my house. A little while before he went off into his last sleep, he said, "Mamma, please go with me over the dark river. Mamma, I don't want to go alone: please, do go with me." After a while his father came in, and little Charley clasped him around the neck tightly, and made the same request:—"Papa, do go with me over this dark river;" and thus, in a few moments, he died.

Ah! this is the great want. To go *alone* into death is fearful! But, thanks be to God, we need not go alone. "I will fear no evil for *thou art with me.*" This was David's confidence. So, children, you may have company. But you must be sure to get hold of that Saviour's hand NOW.

SLANDER.

It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it—at least none who are engaged in the business pursuits of life. Have you had a bad fellow in your employment and discharged him—he goes round and slanders you; refuse another some modest boon which he asked, he goes round and slanders you; let your conduct be such as to create the envy of another, he goes round and slanders you. In fine we would not give a cent for a person who is not slandered—he is either a milksop or a fool. No, no, earn a bad name by a bad fellow, (and you can easily do so by correct conduct,) it is the only way to prove you are entitled to a good one.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, and the farmer.

Diseased Sheep and Remedies.

DIARRHEA.

The following will be found suitable: Pulverized catechu, four drams; prepared chalk, one ounce: pulverized ginger, two drams: pulverized opium, half a dram. To be mixed in half a pint of peppermint water. Two or three tablespoonfuls given twice a day.

DYSENTERY.

Give linseed gruel several times a day; also administer a dose of two ounces of linseed oil, two grains of opium, repeating the opium the following day, with the addition of a scruple of ginger, and two scruples of powdered gentian.

FOOT ROT.

The foot must be carefully examined and every loose portion or horn cut away with a sharp knife. Then wash it with a solution of chloride of lime, and apply butter of antimony, by means of a stick with a piece of tow tied to one end, to every denuded part of the hoof. It is then expedient to wrap the foot in a piece of clean rag or tow, tied fast, and turn the animal into a dry yard or pasturage, taking care to dress the foot again every day. A solution of blue vitriol applied in the same way, is also very much used: so also is hot tar.

CATARRH.

Sometimes this assumes an epizootic form, in which case it is difficult to arrest its progress. Bi-chloride of mercury, at the rate of one-eighth of a grain a day, dissolved in water, with the use of fifteen grains of a decoction of rhubarb, and the ordinary carminative and stomachic adjuvants of ginger and gentian, have proved the most useful of any treatment yet tried.

INFLAMMATION OF THE BRAIN.

Abstract from half to one pound of blood from the neck veins, and give a purgative, such as two ounces of magnesia, afterward.

GIDDINESS

caused by hyatids on the brain. If a soft spot can be found on the skull, the hyatid can be destroyed by penetrating it with an awl; but in most cases it is better to make mutton of the animal at once.

HOVEN.

A teaspoonful of salt may be dissolved and poured down the throat; or what is better still, give a dram of chloride of lime, dissolved in water. Sulphuric ether is also good.

Diseases of Swine and Remedies.

MANGE.

Wash the hog with warm water and soap. Withhold every kind of heating food. Give two ounces of Epsom salts in a warm bran mash. Give in every meal afterward for a few days a tablespoonful of flour of sulphur and as much nitre as will cover a sixpence.

COLIC.

A dose of from one to eight drams of opium and double that quantity of spirit of nitrous ether, (according to the size of the animal,) in a few ounces of warm water, is the best remedy for this disease. In extreme cases bleeding may be resorted to.

MEASLES.

This will yield to cooling treatment, such as Epsom salts and nitre, with attention to feeding, giving warm drinks, with say thirty grains of sulphur and ten of nitre, three times a day.

QUINSY.

Prompt bleeding and purging should be adopted, followed by cooling medicines, and the swellings in the throat may be punctured with advantage and setons inserted.

SKIN DISEASES.

A cooling lotion made of four drams of muriate of ammonia, one ounce of acetic acid, and one pint of water, is an excellent topical application.

LEPROSY AND MURRAIN.

The best treatment is cleanliness, coolness, bleeding, purging, and limitation of food. A few cloves of garlic may be given with good effect.

LETHARGY.

Bleed from behind the ears and administer an emetic, and afterward give a few doses of sulphur and nitre.

Useful Receipts.

BUNS.

Two pounds of flour and four ounces of butter rubbed together, with four ounces of fine sugar, a teaspoonful of caraway seed, one teaspoonful of salt, half a gill of yeast, and mix, to a soft dough with warm milk; set it in a warm place to rise (three hours), roll out half an inch thick, and cut them in large round cakes; wet the tops with milk and strew sugar over, and bake them fifteen minutes in a quick oven.

BATH BUNS.

Take four pounds of flour, six eggs, one and a half pints of milk, one and a half gills of brewer's yeast; warm the milk a little and mix all together; after they have stood and become light, add twelve ounces butter, one pound of loaf sugar in small pieces, and one of citron cut very fine; bake them in pieces of about three ounces each in a slow oven.

Four ounces of butter worked into two pounds of wheat flour, two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of baker's yeast, half a spoonful of salt, and warm milk enough to make a fine dough. It will rise, in a warm place in two hours. Make into rolls an inch through, and as long as your finger, and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Wet them with sweet milk five minutes before done.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make be best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

A TEMPERANCE BALLAD.

"Of all the crimes that ever has been
Selling of liquor is the greatest sin—
It has caused more misery pain and woe
Than any other crime on earth, I know.

Chorus.

Get out of the way you liquor seller,
Get out of the way you liquor seller,
Get out of the way you liquor seller,
You have ruined many a clever fellow.

You have robbed your neighbor of his rights
And gave him many weary nights;
His wife and children often moan
Because they have nothing of their own.

You have robbed the statesman of his brains
And filled his head with aching pains;
In the streets he often lies
Freezing with cold until he dies.

You have robbed the strong man of his strength
And brought him down in the mud full-length
You leave him there to swear and roll
As though you cared not for his soul.

You have robbed the young man of his worth
And gave him pain instead of mirth;
You took him off in the prime of life—
And thus he died without a wife

You have bought the poor man's bag of corn
And sent him away through mirth and scorn,
In the gully he is often found
Feeling upward for the ground.

You have caused the children bitter cries,
And tears to stream from the mother's eyes
The children cry for want of bread,
And hungry they are sent to bed.

I tell you sir in your career,
You have gone too far, I greatly fear,
You have led so many men astray
That you will be lost at the judgement day.

You say you are right and that you know
The preacher can no scripture show,
Your pleas are vain like worldly men
They will not answer in the end.

The old distiller was a mighty man
He took the seller to be his friend
Together they drank, together they sold,
Like their fathers did of old.

They took the church they took the land,
Until they met a mighty band—
A band of noble hearted men
Who for the truth of God contend.

We will stop the seller we will stop the stiller,
We will stop the jug and bottle filler,
We will break old satan's kingdom down
And shout for joy all around.

Some very pious young ladies in Syracuse have established an association which they style, "The Young Womens' Anti-Young-Men Waiting at the Church Doors with Ulterior-Object-Society."

We know of some other places besides Syracuse where such a society is needed.

Indemnity for the past—pay up; Security for the future—pay down.

Gentlemen who smoke, allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

Why is a lady's veil like a telescope? (answer.) Because through both are seen glimpses of heavenly orbs!

Porter's Spirit of the Times has an account of a dreadful old fellow, who would rather tell a lie on six months credit, than tell the truth for cash!

Fatigue follows laziness, and listlessness begets stupidity

It is supposed that the first person who had the itch was the devil—hence his title, "the Old Scratch."

TO PREVENT EMPTY PURSES

To those persons who have any laziness in their composition we readily commend it:

"Make the following compound: 1-4 early rising, 1-4 hard work, 1-4 stick to it: 1-4 save something; shake yourself well every morning and take a good dose. It seldom fails to work the desired end.

"Sonny, dear," said a fond mother, "you have a dirty face." "Can't help it, mam, dad's a Black Republican."

It is better to love a person you cannot marry, than to marry a person you cannot love.

PICKED UP PROVERBS.

Half the glory crowns we see, are only gilded crowns of thorns

Fierce foes make firm friends.

"Trust not always to the brightest;
Know the winter-moon's the lighest."

God sometimes cuts his flowers with a very rough knife.

A first class youth brings a third class age.

The wild oats of youth change into the briars of manhood.

Life is company, Death is solitude.

Popularity is not love.

The heart is often better than the head.

Grey hairs are the frostwork of age.

The skies won't go into mourning for our sorrows.

The sad colored cloak of silence often covers the spotted clothes of ignorance.

Pleasant lies, once sown, come up prickles.

Periodicals.

FOR THE YEAR 1860.—
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE SOUTH.
THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE SOUTH.
THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE SOUTH.
SUBSCRIBE EARLY.
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A New Volume begins with the new year, in a new dress, with many improvements. To commence with the first number, we have the pleasure to announce three most beautiful, thrilling and interesting

Prize Stories!

each pervaded by a deep morality, teaching interesting and instructive lessons to every member of the Family Circle:

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3. THE PARTIZAN CHIEF; OR, THE SPECTRE OF THE SWAMP: *A Tale of South Carolina, during the Revolution.* By Roland M. Page.

THE TIMES is also contributed to regularly by the best writers in the South. Special attention is called to the Historical Department, in which is given Sketches,

With Illustrations,

of the most interesting Revolutionary events of the lives of our most distinguished patriots and statesmen; and the most prominent and noted places of the country. Besides these sketches, the Historical Department for the coming year will contain a series of Sketches, with illustrations, giving a description of the country, and the civil and social condition of China—that immense empire which has just been opened to commerce and the Christian religion. The publishers are determined to spare neither pains nor expense to make THE TIMES the largest, the cheapest, and the

Best Family Paper

for the South. Its columns will also be given, weekly, all the news of the day; the market reports; a column for the Farm and the Work-shop; a column for the Dairy and Garden; a Children's Department, (edited by Wm. R. Hunter, the "Children's Friend;") and a column of Wit, that will make one "laugh and grow fat!" Let the families of the South encourage this Southern Family Paper.

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THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, is one of the cheapest publications in the country. Two volumes a year are published, each volume containing at least 480 pages, in neat style, with fine cover and advertising sheet. The two volumes will be furnished for only $3 for the year 1860. Clubs remitting us $15 in one letter, will be entitled to six copies.

THE MESSENGER will, as heretofore, present its readers with reviews, historical and biographical sketches, novels, tales, travels, essays, poems, critiques and papers on the army, navy, and other national subjects. The editorial and critical department will continue under the charge of Jno. R. Thompson, Esq. The business department is conducted by the undersigned, to whom all communications of a business nature must be addressed.

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jan7-4t Cor. Bank and 12th Sts., Richmond, Va.

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THE JOURNAL is also designed to be a medium of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and the school officers and teachers of the State. And, since the county boards of superintendents are beginning to act under the law allowing them to "subscribe for a copy of THE JOURNAL for each school district to their respective counties," more attention will be given to the special interests and wants of Common Schools.—Teachers and other friends of education are earnestly requested to act as agents, and also to contribute articles suitable for its pages.

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Matriculation (taken once only)	$ 5
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